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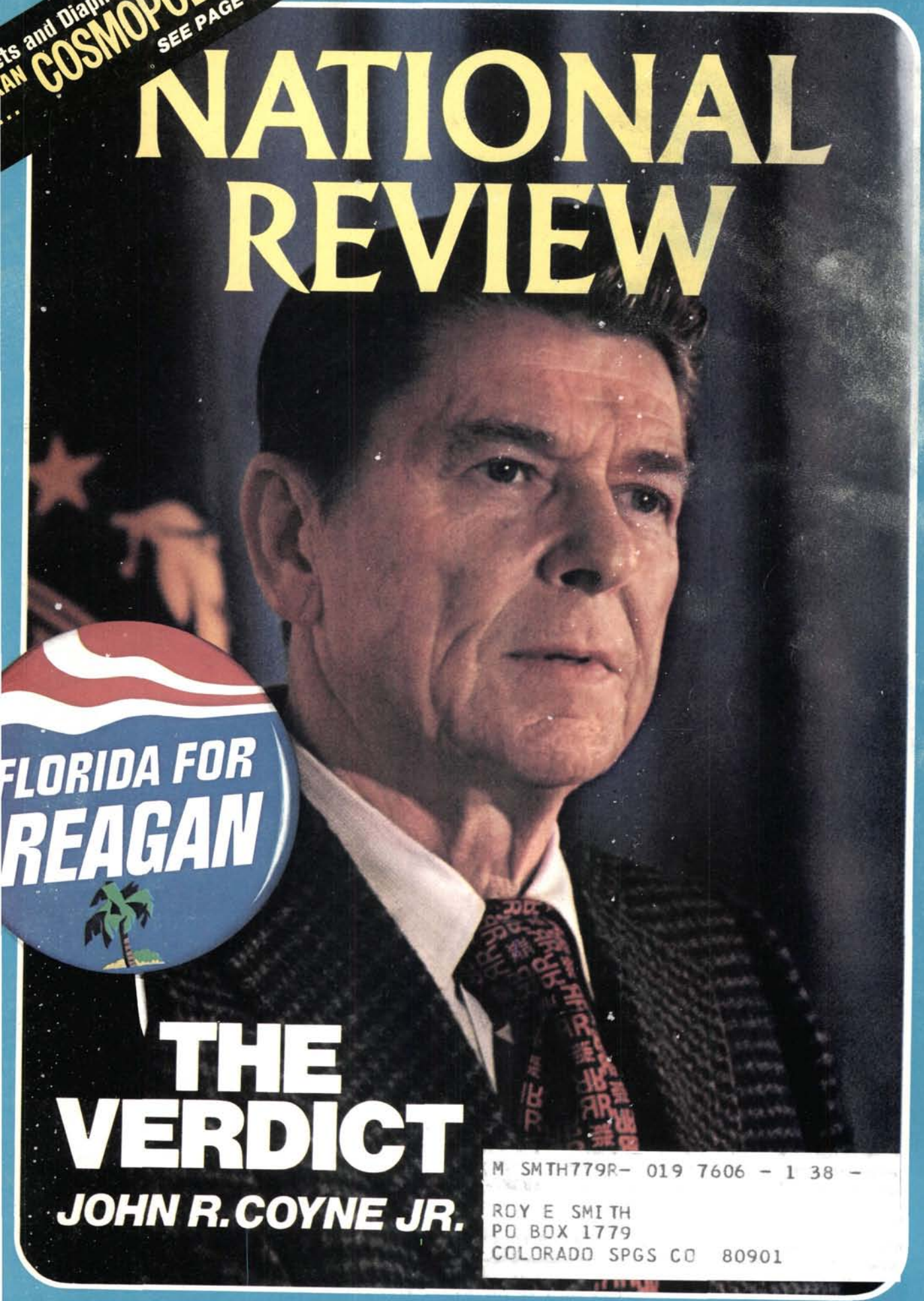
...ts and Diaphragms"
...AN COSMOPOLITAN
SEE PAGE 335

NATIONAL REVIEW



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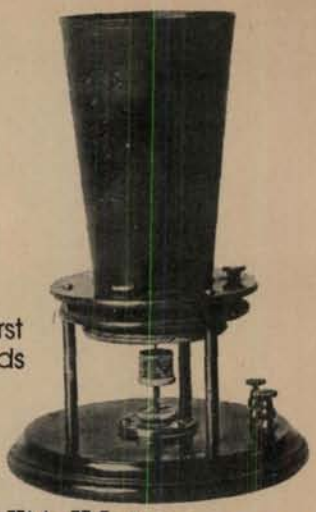

The Liquid Phone—first telephone to carry the words of Alexander Graham Bell.

March 10, 1876: "Mr. Watson, come here—I want to see you!"

In the years since Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, it has progressed from a curiosity piece to an instrument people everywhere depend upon for their daily existence.

Here are some of the things that have made that progress possible.

February 6, 1882: Western Electric wins competition to manufacture phones for Bell.

In Boston, Anson Stager, Enos Barton, and Charles Scribner of the Western Electric Manufacturing Company met with Alexander Graham Bell to demonstrate a telephone they had built to Bell's specifications. Its quality was superior and convinced Bell to award Western Electric the contract to manufacture it.

Western Electric became a partner in the growing Bell System. And today it still performs the same vital task it began 94 years ago: building the highest quality telephones, switchboards and connecting equipment at a reasonable cost.

June 17, 1914: Transcontinental telephone line is completed.

To a group of men near the town of Wendover on the Utah-Nevada border, it had been a grueling five-year project. They had installed 130,000 telephon poles, strung 13,600 miles of wire. They had endured summer days of 130° and weathered snowfalls so blinding even their pack animals were forced to wea dark glasses. It was an enormous task. But linking bot coasts by telephone had been worth it.

When service began in January, 1915, a call from New York to San Francisco took 23 minutes to go through. The cost was $20.70. Today, a coast-to-coast call can be made in seconds for under a quarter.

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the telephone, the Bell System Family Thea

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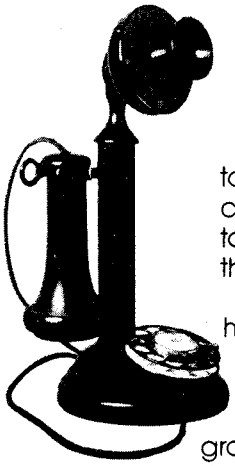
TELEPHONE YEARS OLD.



November 8, 1919: Dial service begins.

In Norfolk, Virginia, Bell customers could do something they couldn't do before. They were able to pick up a telephone and dial their own calls.

In the past, operators had to connect each call by hand. But the operators, mostly young boys at first and then women, couldn't keep up with the growing number of calls.

Beginning in 1919, machines made dial service possible. With it, the telephone as we know it today was born.

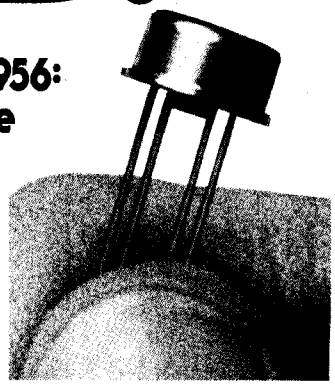
April 7, 1927: First television transmission.

In New York, a handful of people were given a glimpse of the future. It was called television.

In this first demonstration in America, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, spoke from Washington, D.C. The picture was carried over telephone lines by a system developed at Bell Laboratories. It was only an experiment. And, at the time, few people realized just how successful it would turn out to be.

The Bell System is still deeply involved in television. In fact, the network shows you now enjoy come to you in much the same way as the first one in 1927—through the Bell System network.

December 10, 1956: The inventors of the transistor receive the Nobel Prize.



The men who were awarded the prize, John Bardeen, William Shockley and Walter H. Brattain of Bell Labs, had invented the transistor in 1947 to help improve telephone equipment.

In a thousand different ways, from push-button phones to satellite communications, it has done just that. But at the same time, it also helped make a whole new world of technology possible. In computers, modern radio and television, even man's conquest of space, the transistor has played a major role.

All of which raises an interesting question: what might the phone company think of next?

The Second Hundred Years.

To Alexander Graham Bell, the present was never quite good enough. It could always be improved upon.

At the Bell System we believe the same thing. We take great pride in the accomplishments of yesterday and today, but we're continually at work on the future. For example, even now we're starting Electronic Long Distance Switching—a computerized way to make long distance calling faster and more efficient than ever before. Further in the future, we'll have Lightwave Communications, a system that will carry phone calls on a beam of light.

Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone to help people communicate better. Our goal is to keep improving on his dream.

We're keeping America's phone system the best in the world.

Bell System

presents The Bell Telephone "JUBILEE!" Hosted by Bing Crosby and Liza Minnelli.
Friday, March 26, 8:30pm EST, NBC-TV

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VOL. XXVIII, NO. 11

APRIL 2, 1976

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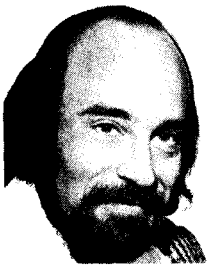

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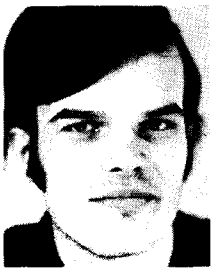

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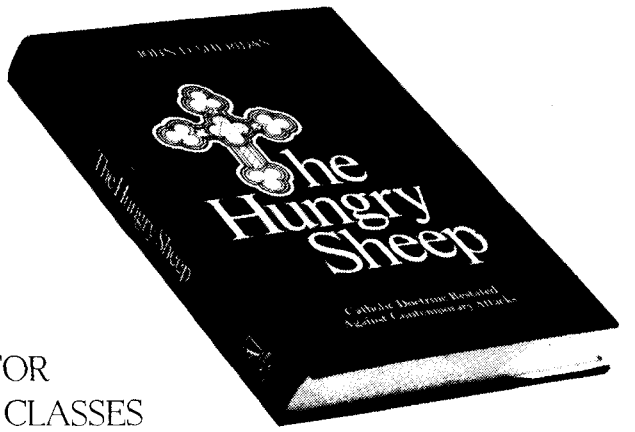
SHOULD AULD AQUINAS BE FORGOT?



Irish writer shows how the old Catholic faith can stand up—nicely—against contemporary attacks (both within and outside the Church).

"Simple faith is all very well," writes Irish novelist John Sheridan, "but it takes a heavy battering in days when attacks come from within the Church as well as from without." So Mr. Sheridan sets out to show today's Catholic "the reasons for the faith that is in him." He first reviews the questions that divide all believers (not only Catholics) from agnostics and atheists: the roots of knowledge, the reality of man's spiritual soul, original sin, man's special creation, the existence of God, the moral law, free will, the problem of evil. Next he probes the positions that divide Catholics and other Christians from most of their fellow men: the divinity of Christ, the cult of sensuality, the horrors of abortion, "kneeling before the world," and the four last things: death, judgment, heaven and hell. Finally, Mr. Sheridan explores the unique Catholic stance on the primacy of Peter, Church authority, contraception, and the place of Mary.

Whatever the issue, old or new, John Sheridan throws fresh light on it. With a keen mind and a graceful pen, he has produced that rare book on religion, one that can enlighten everyone from a high school student to a mature clergyman. Though mainly for Catholics, this lucid volume tells interested non-Catholics what the Church *still* believes —and why.

NEW LIFE FOR THEOLOGY CLASSES

Venturesome teachers who are tiring of theology without content... who are ready to trade in marshmallow sentimentality for the diamonds of doctrine . . . could electrify their students (high school or college) with this book.

To be sure, it represents a departure from today's texts. It pays students the compliment of expecting them to *think*. It omits the heretofore mandatory canonization of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King. It neglects to flatter the students and their generation.

Instead, it respects them.

A NEW KIND OF APOLOGETICS

Apologetics? A word out of the Catholic past. A pre-Vatican II word. It meant the study of the Catholic faith with a view to explaining it—and defending it—to oneself, to one's neighbors. Its subject: the *reasoned* explanations for Catholicism.

In the past decade, apologetics has all but vanished from Catholic seminaries, colleges, high schools, publishing houses. The result: a lost generation of young Catholics unable to give a coherent explanation of their faith. Inevitably, many of these Catholics drop out of a faith they can't understand, much less explain.

This book can restore reason as part of the Catholic's armor. The old textbooks respected reason—but at the expense of good writing and sometimes of contemporary awareness.

John Sheridan makes neither mistake. He unfolds traditional Catholic teachings vividly, often movingly. And he grapples with the urgent problems of today: sex education, "Christian" socialism, the Dutch Catechism, the treason of the clerics, evolution (in its Teilhardian garb), modernism, clerical celibacy. He answers both timeless and timely questions:

- ✔ What is God like?
- ✔ Must Christians surrender on sex? On homosexuality?
- ✔ What does humility really involve?
- ✔ How does the Catholic teaching on the Eucharist differ from that of other Christian churches?
- ✔ What is the proper place for the Church in the world?

Guided by the traditional faith and hard logic, John Sheridan vanquishes the New Theologians—and their godless friends.

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Letters

Come November

Jeffrey Hart has performed what I hope will be an unnecessary service ["New Hampshire Report," March 19]. Before I read his article, I had just about decided that if Reagan didn't get the Republican nomination, I would sit this one out: between Ford and the Democratic field, there wasn't much to choose. Mr. Hart has changed my mind. Harris? Udall? I'd rather have Jerry Ford for ten years than either Eenie, Meenie, Minie, or Mo for one year. I was starting to think Jimmy Carter wasn't so bad, but what we don't need, after the whole Watergate business, is another political liar in the White House.

So I'm going to keep working like mad for Reagan, but whatever happens, I guess I'll be pulling the Republican lever in November.

Bronx, N.Y. RUTH KLEIN

Jeffrey Hart's article "Earthquake Time in America" [March 5] contains the keenest insight into America's political climate that I have ever been privileged to read.

It is refreshing to learn that at least one of our colleges has a professor who "has it all together."

Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. JAMES A. HILLEY

Addendum

Your "The Week" item [March 5] noting that after James Edmondson, the performer who billed himself as Professor Backwards, was murdered, NBC reported: "Passersby ignored his pleas of '!pleH !pleH' " failed to mention the context in which this admittedly questionable line was delivered.

It was not, as readers might assume, a news report. Rather, it was part of a news *spoof* on NBC-TV's popular Saturday night comedy series.

New York, N.Y. SANFORD M. TELLER

Ew dnats detcerroc. —VM

Mano and "the Slaves"

It is frightening to notice the innocence and, at the same time, the arrogance of your counterrevolutionaries, the Titanic syndrome of blind self-assurance, the total disregard of danger on the part of those who have learned nothing from history [D. Keith Mano, "The Slaves," Feb. 20]. Terror is the most convincing argument ever invented. Every family in the USSR, not Russians alone, bears the scars of death and deportation. Therefore, everybody can easily be persuaded to submit meekly to any demand of the government. Only those who have never experienced slavery can talk with disdain about slaves. Even those who are not exactly cowards would think twice before sending their children to the arctic regions of Siberia.

I am neither a Slav nor a slave, but I lived long enough under the Communist rule in my native Latvia to understand the persuasive power of institutionalized violence.

The Germans who recklessly exported Lenin to Russia have boasted repeatedly that an enlightened Germany is well insulated against a Marxist takeover. Now it seems that the Communist rule in East Germany is well entrenched, with blessings from capitalistic neighbors, and is spreading its influence far to the west.

Seattle, Wash. KORNELIJS PURGALIS

"The Slaves" was devastating.

It's an eye-opener to read an article about the Russian people that isn't just based on wishful thinking.

I always enjoy Mr. Mano's content and style of writing.

University City, Mo. DAVID FRICKER

To paraphrase a line from Priscilla Buckley's excellent review of Hedrick Smith's book, Mano found much to hate in the Russians and nothing that was not comprehensible—and hence contemptible. This attitude is light years away from a true understanding of the alchemy of the present hideous system working upon the "ingrained patience and docility of the Russian people." After all, Solzhenitsyn, who hardly shares Mano's restricted view, has more than once addressed himself to that sad phenomenon.

And here is Mano, implicitly dismissing

(Continues on page 302)

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Are you prepared for

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These are among the frightening predictions made by Dr. Hans Sennholz in his lecture course, THE ECONOMICS OF SURVIVAL, now available on cassette tapes.

Wild speculation? Not at all. Three-digit inflation has already occurred in several South American nations. Those who claim "It can't happen here" would be well advised to listen to what Dr. Sennholz has to say.

With authority, eloquence, and restrained anger, the distinguished Austrian economist analyses present government policies, demonstrates the disasters to which they are leading, and shows you how to ensure your own survival—both economic and physical.

How "Inflation Morality" affects you.

As a result of established federal policies, our capital resources are being depleted, the money supply expanded, and the free-market mechanism sabotaged. The result is inflation—uncontrolled and uncontrollable.

The major victim of this process is the middle class, whose savings are systematically destroyed by the decline in purchasing power. The middle class has lost 80 to 90 percent of its savings in the last ten years, estimates Dr. Sennholz.

In an inflationary economy, the debtor gains and the creditor loses. Invisibly, wealth is "redistributed" and new classes of rich and poor created.

But this is only the beginning. Dr. Sennholz divides inflation into three stages: First, relatively small price increases of between two and five percent. Then (after businessmen catch on and hedge their assets), the jump to two digits. Finally ("when *everyone* catches on," in Dr. Sennholz's words), *three-digit inflation*. If present trends continue, predicts Dr. Sennholz, that will happen as early as 1978.

How to protect yourself.

Short of major changes in government policy, Dr. Sennholz claims, there is "no way out." For society as a whole, the future holds economic disaster.

Yet there *are* actions you can take to protect *yourself*.

First, advises Dr. Sennholz, get your assets out of monetary investments and into non-monetary forms. He details the various alternatives: precious metals, real estate, consumer goods, "the tools of your profession." He discusses at what stage to get into such investments, and—more importantly—at what stage to get *out*.

The wider picture.

Dr. Sennholz does not confine his presentation merely to words of advice and forecasts of doom. Valuable as that information might be, he goes a step further, placing such matters into a larger economic, social, and political context. Included in the broad range of topics he covers are the following:

- WEALTH AND INCOME: What creates a high standard of living?
- EMPLOYMENT, WAGES, AND UNIONS: Does the free market "exploit" the worker?
- THE GREAT DEPRESSION: Did "freedom fail"? Did F.D.R. "save" America?
- THE AGE OF INFLATION: What single moral-political principle made it possible?
- THE IDEOLOGY OF CONFLICT: How it come to supplant the philosophy of social cooperation and economic harmony?

In short, *Dr. Sennholz unites theory and practice.* He presents the historical background and the operational principles, then shows you exactly how this knowledge applies to your life.

". . . Absolutely superb!"

Dr. Hans F. Sennholz is a leading theorist of the classical, Austrian School of economics. A disciple of the late Ludwig von Mises, he is the author of *Inflation or Gold Standard?*, as well as of some 300 published articles. Dr. Sennholz is currently professor of economics at Grove City College in Pennsylvania.

The THE ECONOMICS OF SURVIVAL course was delivered in February, 1975, to a private workshop in Washington, D.C. Questions from members of the audience, and Dr. Sennholz's responses, are included in the recording.

"The substance of this tape is absolutely superb," says ISL contributing editor, Douglas R. Casey. "The recording grows in wisdom and grace, not to mention fervor, as each minute goes by."

THE ECONOMICS OF SURVIVAL is a five-and-a-half hour course, recorded on four cassette tapes. The price for the entire series is $32—a small sum indeed, compared to what it might save you.

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Hans F. Sennholz

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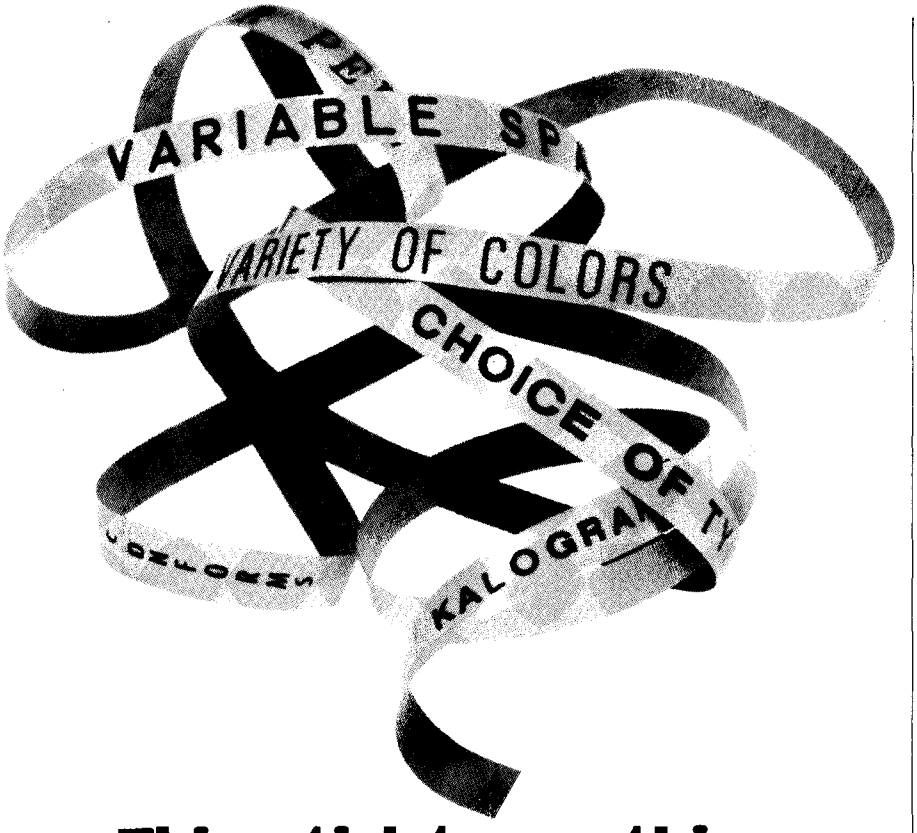

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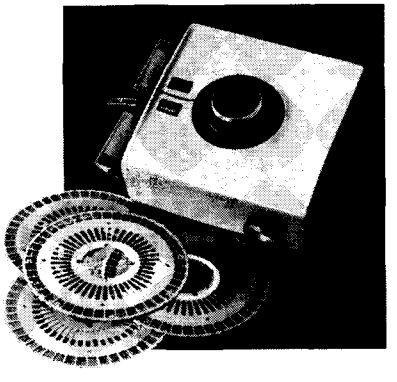

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 300)

an outpouring of artistic wealth to rival any Western country's. One must wonder how that nineteenth-century plantation culture produced and nurtured Tolstoy, Turgenev, Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoevsky, Chekhov. How does a bag-of-oranges brigade with no concept of individual rights and no longing for personal freedom create such magnificent expressions of individuality as the Russian music, literature, theater, and art of that period? Let's see. Ah yes! I remember: they were *exceptions*. Just as they still are . . . exceptions.

But that is just the beginning. Look at this great metaphysical acrobatic Mano performs: from the notion of a seed of original sin that lies implanted in the heart of *every* man waiting to flourish, to the conclusion that the Russian is quintessentially different—that the Russian heart doesn't contain an embryo of evil that may or may not grow, but rather *is* a materialistic organism that has fully developed.

In the opening paragraph of his piece, Mano, tellingly, is repulsed not because the newlyweds genuflect before a satanic symbol, but merely because they seek a "mummy's benediction." And as he enters Lenin's tomb he crosses himself, thereby making reference to his Christianity. But by advancing the vile sentiments that follow, he takes that step beyond the point where civil men should pay him heed, let alone Christian men.

San Francisco, Calif. NEIL G. BARCLAY

Since I went to Russia along with Messrs. Sobran and Mano, I was interested in their reactions. I found both articles reminiscent in tone of those by Soviet journalists who come to America for one week, seeing what they want to see.

I find Russian materialism as deplorable as they do. But I wonder if either of them has ever meditated on the effects of war, invasion, occupation, hunger, and terror suffered not only by Russians but by other Europeans as well, with traumatic effects upon several generations.

I cannot but admire Mr. Mano's capacity for condemning some 110 nations and some 250 million people in the Soviet Union from a one-week tour, spent largely in a bus. How wonderful it must be to be omniscient! Since he appears to take his Christianity seriously, to the extent of crossing himself at Lenin's tomb, I suggest he acquaint himself with what the Gospels have to say on charity, and to study especially I Corinthians 13.

New York, N.Y. NIKA HAZELTON

The visual images reproduced in my column derive from an eight-day tour. The thesis—that Russians are, by and large, perfectly content with Soviet government —does not. Hedrick Smith in The Russians *has stated, "The longer I lived in Soviet*

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Russia, the more Russian it seemed to me and hence the less likely to undergo fundamental change." There is a sixty-page section devoted to the opinion of Russian intellectuals in Message from Moscow *by an American who has spent many years there. These intellectuals, an insignificant percentage of the population, were willing to jeopardize their comfort for the sake of liberalization. In every case they deplore, not Soviet rule, but the complacency of Soviet citizens. I quote just two. "Russians yearn to be slaves. They understand nothing else; the subjugation satisfies not only a preference for the familiar, but also a deep emotional and spiritual longing. A longing to be submissive—even submissive to harsh authority." And, "Genuine civilization, genuine democracy, is simply impossible with the cultural and political instincts of the Russian population. Of course the opposite is true in Czechoslovakia and everywhere in Europe."*

The truth is unpleasant. Nika Hazelton, who kept me upright on the icy streets of Russia, has let me down here. She suggests that I haven't meditated on "the effects of war, invasion, occupation, hunger, and terror." Unfortunately, I did meditate on those items ("a thousand years of Asiatic servitude"). To quote another intellectual: "The great mass of the Russian people . . . are frightened by the thought of liberalization because they feel something worse will overtake them." Something like . . . war, invasion, occupation, hunger, terror. It is rather elitist (and romantic) of us to impose our peculiar socio-political lifestyle on a people so different, so scarred. Coca-Cola colonialism of the mind. It certainly distorts our vision of—as well as our foreign policy toward —a very special (and quite self-satisfied) nation. —DKM

Plighting Our Troth

NR, Feb. 6, page 69,
Right column, 32nd line,
Cites *L.A. Times*man Robert "Troth."
I know the man; his name is *Toth*.
By such small slips are we betrayed
Who practice this precarious trade:
A minor typographic blunder
Can tear a reader's faith asunder.

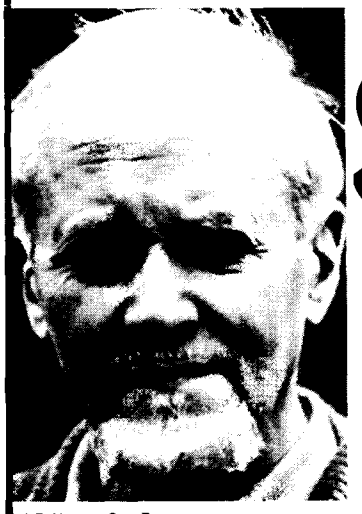
This tiny, trivial correction
Prompts a more substantive reflection
(For, as you know, one often sees
The forest *better* for the trees):
If Troth is absent from the *Times*
(As I've suggested in these rhymes),
It's more deplorable by far
That Truth is absent from *NR*.
Madison, Wis. ERWIN KNOLL

Who Killed the President?

David Belin [" 'They've Killed the President!' " Feb. 6] did a rather thorough job of destroying the credibility of Sam Anson's new book on the Kennedy assassina-

(Continues on page 306)

A FIRST-HAND REPORT FROM THE FIRST CIRCLE OF HELL.



J. P. Moutin, Sipa-Press

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Odd men, maybe out. Early primaries (New Hampshire through Florida) tend to dim presidential prospects of **Hubert Humphrey** on Democratic side, **Nelson Rockefeller**, **John Connally** on Republican side. . . . **Jimmy Carter** now says he thinks it will be a three-way race—Carter, **Jackson**, and **Udall**—and most political pros tend to agree the primary winners will fight it out in the Convention, ergo no turning of party elders to HHH. . . . **Evans & Novak** point out that Humphrey can bloom as a late candidate only if Jackson does badly, since their blue-collar political base coincides; and Jackson, with the campaign assistance of **Daniel Moynihan**, has done unexpectedly well. . . . Flyer that actor **Warren Beatty** might enter some primaries (California, Ohio, and New Jersey have been mentioned) as stand-in for a Humphrey-**Kennedy** ticket seems to be going nowhere. . . . On Republican side, it was only if a **Reagan** blitzkrieg had materialized, threatening to knock **Ford** out of the race entirely, that John Connally and Rocky would have considered entering the Republican lists. . . . How about **third-party** candidacies? Henry Jackson's campaign manager **Bob Keefe**, commenting on **Wallace** defeat by Carter in Florida, says he now thinks that Wallace will be lucky if he arrives at Madison Square Garden with one-third of the Southern delegates (as against a projected one-half), meaning Wallace couldn't win the nomination in a fair fight, meaning he can't say they stole it from him, which would be a rationale for a third-party try. . . . Nonetheless, *NR* publisher **Bill Rusher**'s Committee for the New Majority is expanding its board of directors to include representatives of cooperating third parties and working to get on the ballot in as many states as possible—just in case. Rusher himself has stepped down as chairman to concentrate on journalistic commitments, including his three-times-a-week syndicated column.

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rotheo

■ **Black political leaders**, meeting in Washington a week ago, confess to frustration in trying to wield political clout. Rep. **Shirley Chisholm** (D., N.Y.)—who ran for President herself in 1972—says the Democrats "take the black vote for granted. Many of the candidates say, 'where will the black vote go if not to the Democratic Party,' and that's what will happen." . . . Detroit Mayor **Coleman Young** says he can't support any of the Democrats now running; both Young and Georgia State Senator **Julian Bond** would like to see Ted Kennedy in the race.

■ Coming our way (alas), *Seven Days*, billed as a successor to *Ramparts* magazine, which folded in October. *Seven Days* will be edited by **David Dellinger**, a Chicago Seven defendant, and it lists among its correspondents *New York Times* investigative reporter **Seymour Hersh** (Mylai and the CIA assassination stories), and **Philip Agee**, former CIA agent, author of *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*. Agee will be working from a certain distance: he says he is afraid to return to the U.S. because the Justice Department has refused to say whether it will prosecute him for disclosing CIA secrets. . . . The **U.S. Communist Party** has just brought out the first issue of its new monthly, *Black Liberation Journal*. . . . And you can get some idea of what the West Germans were reading during the Vietnam War by the title of *Der Spiegel* correspondent **Tiziano Terzani**'s new book: *Giai Phong!* [Liberation]: *The Fall and Liberation of Saigon*. . . . **Daniel Ellsberg**, looking for a way back to the limelight, is now engaged in a cross-continent walk—Los Angeles to Washington—to express "concern with the escalation of arms-building."

■ According to one count (*Washington Post*) there are now over 100,000 political prisoners in **Indira Gandhi**'s India; according to another (**Amnesty International**) there are more than 200,000. . . . The **International Red Cross** estimates that more than 400,000 people have fled **Angola** since the fighting broke out there about ten months ago. . . . Among those about to be repatriated from Angola to their native **Zaire** are 6,000 Katangese soldiers and their families who left the then-Congo years ago after the defeat of their leader **Moise Tshombe**. The Katangese, who had fought for the winning **MPLA** in Angola, are nonetheless to be turned over to the mercies of their enemy President **Mobutu** under a recent agreement. . . . On the other side of the world, in **Bangkok**, it is revealed that eight relatives of Prince **Norodom Sihanouk**, titular head of state of Cambodia, are seeking asylum.

■ Indignation That Knoweth No Bounds Dept.: From a Maoist *Guardian* denunciation of "Western lies" about what has happened in **Cambodia** in the past year: "The propaganda campaign will have no greater result than that of a dried fish trying to lay an egg, to paraphrase an old Khmer proverb."

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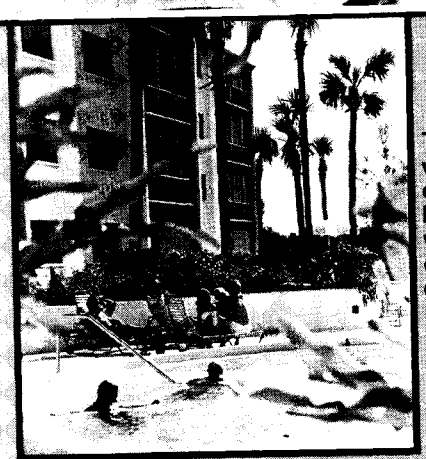

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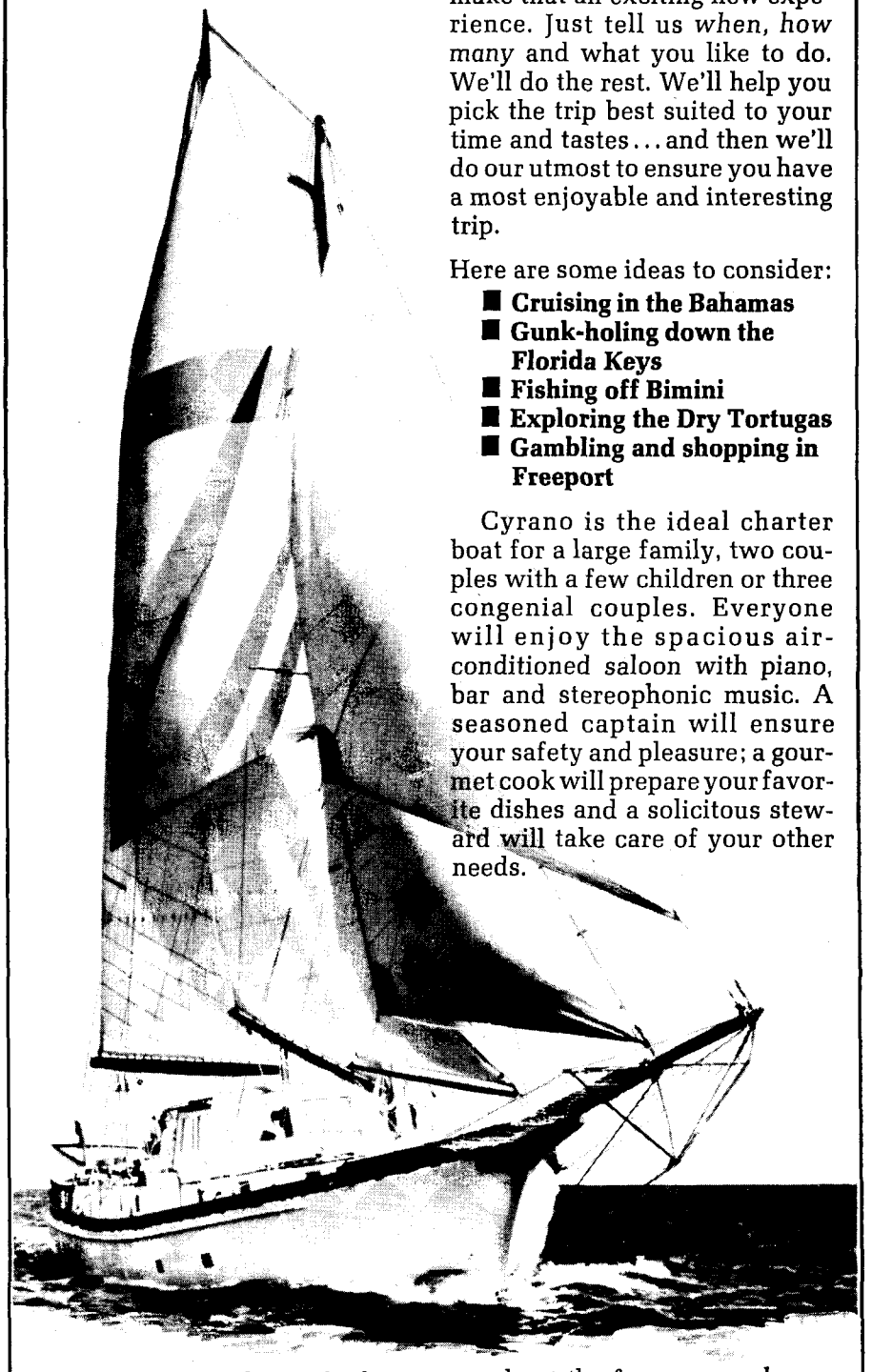

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 303)

tion and those of several other authors as well. Mr. Belin, as a counsel to the Warren Commission, could really be expected to do nothing else.

He destroys his own credibility, however, with the following remarks about George O'Toole's book *The Assassination Tapes*, with reference to the use of an instrument called a Psychological Stress Evaluator: "Now, of course, common sense tells us that such an instrument does not exist. Having served as Executive Director of the Rockefeller Commission investigating the CIA, I know that if such an instrument did exist, the CIA would be the first agency to use it because they would have a foolproof scientific instrument which would accurately determine whether or not a person was a double agent."

The Psychological Stress Evaluator not only does exist, but is in widespread use by police agencies, private investigators, and industrial psychologists. I own three of these instruments, and have witnessed demonstrations of their effectiveness to police departments. They do work as described by O'Toole, and their accuracy is significantly better than that of the polygraph. They are manufactured in Springfield, Virginia, by a company headed by several former military intelligence and CIA people.

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. JOHN C. SNEDEKER

Those of us who are generally classed as critics of the Warren Report have become accustomed to attacks from the liberal Left. Such centers of liberal journalistic power as the *New York Times*, *Time* magazine, and CBS News have consistently supported the official government theory of the Kennedy assassination through their biased and distorted coverage of the controversy it has provoked.

By constrast, conservatives are often among the most outspoken critics of the Warren Report. Senator Strom Thurmond, the late Senator Thomas Dodd, and former Senator George Murphy are all on record as doubting the Report and suspecting that the assassination was the work of a conspiracy. The late Senator Richard Russell, a member of the Warren Commission, revealed in 1970 that he never believed the assassination was the work of one man. And the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW called for at least a re-examination of the case in 1966.

Thus, it is a bit disappointing to see NATIONAL REVIEW publishing David Belin's latest apologia for the Warren Report. Certainly there are two sides to the issue, and an excellent defense could be offered against some of the criticism of the Warren Report, but Belin has yet to demonstrate that he is the one to do it.

To refute the distortions and misrepre-

(Continues on pages 345)

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THE WEEK

■ Would somebody be so good as to sit down and have a little talk with Senator Edmund Muskie, who recently asked: "Why can't liberals start raising hell about a government so big, so complex, so expensive, and so unresponsive that it's dragging down every good program we've worked for?"

■ Crossed wires on the oracular front: "Senator *Henry Jackson*'s surprising win in the Massachusetts primary last night recasts the whole Democratic picture, bringing new credibility to Jackson and making him—for the first time—a prime contender for the Democratic presidential nomination. Jackson will likely take away votes from ex-Georgia Governor *Jimmy Carter* in Florida next Tuesday, increasing the probability of a win there for Alabama Governor *George Wallace*." (Evans & Novak Political Report, March 3.)

■ Add General Alexander Haig's name to the short but growing list of those trying to rouse the West from its trance. In an interview broadcast by the Canadian Broadcast Corporation, the commander of Allied forces in Europe said the strategic situation is threatening and gave explicit examples: Soviet military power in East Germany has risen from 250,000 to at least 350,000 men in the past five years; there has been a "steady and relentless shift" in the Soviet tactical air arm from defense to strike missions; the number of armored tanks, mobile artillery, armored personnel carriers stationed in Eastern Europe has increased dramatically. The Warsaw Pact forces, says Haig, have a 2 to 1 superiority in ground and air forces, and an almost 4 to 1 superiority in tanks alone. Professor John Erickson, a professor of defense studies at Edinburgh University, provides an interesting detail. Warsaw Pact forces, he says, have approximately 19,000 tanks facing 6,100 NATO tanks, "a ratio that just about corresponds to established Soviet attack norms."

■ When New York City imposed a three-year moratorium on redeeming $1.6 billion of city notes, politicians said the moratorium was not a default because, er, in the case of the moratorium you do get your money back, although you have to wait three years—except that it looks now (as it really always did) that the three years will become a lifetime. Municipal Assistance Corporation Chairman Felix Rohatyn says a holder of those notes "would have to have a very long life expectancy if he is to get his notes redeemed."

■ Last December a committee headed by John McCloy, the very prominent New York lawyer who was former High Commissioner in postwar Germany, issued a report on the Gulf Oil Company's illegal campaign contributions. This report led to much congressional huffing and puffing along with the ousting of Gulf's chairman and two other top executives. But McCloy recently wondered why nothing happened to those congressmen who were the recipients of Gulf's illegal largesse. "We've heard nothing," said McCloy, "from the Senate about purifying itself." To encourage purification, Gulf recently sent letters to the recipients of the illegal gifts, asking their return, but the money hasn't been pouring in. Representative John Heinz, the headquarters of whose family firm (the 57-Variety Heinz) is not far from the headquarters of the Mellon family's Gulf, did quickly write out a $6,000 check. But Hubert Humphrey, for example, has been uncharacteristically closemouthed, referring reporters to his lawyer in Minnesota. Another recipient, presidential aspirant Henry Jackson, claims he returned the money as soon as he learned it was a corporate rather than a personal gift, a common explanation—and one McCloy doesn't accept, since many of the transactions occurred in cash, behind barns and in men's rooms. As yet, the interest of the most moral deliberative body in the world hasn't been piqued.

■ Report card time for the 94th Congress, first session. According to the American Conservative Union's Congressional Key Index for 1975, based on thirty important votes in the House and Senate, the class as a whole is moving leftward. The House voted properly, says the ACU report, only 42.9 per cent of the time; the Senate, only 37.5 per cent. Individual honors go to Senators Carl Curtis, Roman Hruska, Barry Goldwater, and Jesse Helms and Representatives Sam Steiger, John Conlan, Larry McDonald, Steve Symms, Phil Crane, Bob Bauman, Dan Daniel, and David Satterfield—all of whom scored perfectly. A small drift leftward was apparent in a formerly A+ senator who will confront the electorate in November. No mention will be made here of the 23 total failures—congresspersons who scored nothing at all. Letters are being sent to their homes.

■ They all laughed when New York City, the fiscal illiterate, announced it was considering withdrawing its employees from the Social Security system. But New York may have stumbled onto something. It's legal, and three California cities that have tried it—San José, Santa Cruz, and Santa Maria—have saved money and improved their pension plans. Last December, Alaska became the first state to withdraw its state employees from the sinking SS.

■ P.S.: Remember the Chicago Seven? How could you forget! Abbie . . . Jerry . . . Judge Hoffman . . . Bill Kunstler . . . yes . . . it all comes back to you now . . . Well, Jerry—that's Jerry Rubin—has come clean: "The prosecution was right all along. . . . [They] said we were guilty. And you know what? We were. Guilty as hell. Guilty as charged." "Let's face it," he wrote last week

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

How deep are the wounds? Too deep to heal soon, says an aide to Governor Ronald Reagan, angered by Gerald Ford's attacks on his candidate. The architects of the attacks, it is generally agreed, are Stuart Spencer, the Ford campaign's political manager, and William Roberts, who took over the faltering Ford operation in Florida. Both are former Reagan supporters from California, and both believe in playing political hardball. "They're trying to discredit Reagan personally and politically," says the aide. "They call him a back-door socialist and a right-wing nut. And they insult his supporters in the process." The Ford-Spencer-Roberts strategy is to take Reagan out of the race by the end of March, and then, if successful, spend time trying to heal the rift with much of the Republican Right. But should they succeed in scuttling Reagan's candidacy by misrepresenting his views and record, many conservatives believe that their tactics will return to haunt them. Reagan loyalists are not ready to discuss what may happen if Reagan withdraws, pointing out that such talk is both defeatist and premature. There are still states to be heard from in which Reagan is strong, among them California, where he holds a commanding lead in the polls. And, as one Washington conservative leader observes, the Ford people have a limitless capacity for blundering at crucial moments. Nevertheless, the rumblings have begun, and once again there is talk of third and fourth parties and alternative candidates, perhaps a Reagan-Wallace ticket or large-scale defections to Scoop Jackson. Whatever develops, the wounds are obviously genuine and deep. "There's no reason why those wounds should be expected to heal over," says a Reagan supporter who rejects the "they-don't-have-anywhere-else-to-go" argument that the national Republican leadership customarily advances when dealing with the Right. He, like many conservatives, believes there are plenty of places to go should the Ford-Spencer-Roberts assaults succeed. "Time often does heal wounds," says one irate Reaganite. "But it also wounds heels."

■ Gerald Ford won no applause from Henry Kissinger for backing off from detente. "The basic interests of the United States are permanent and ought not to reflect presidential campaigns," said Kissinger shortly after "detente" became an Administration unword, "and I hope that all candidates will keep that in mind as they progress." There was no qualification of the phrase "all candidates," and Henry Kissinger, in the eyes of Ford loyalists, joins Nelson Rockefeller in that Washington limbo reserved for those who question their leader's campaign tactics.

■ Kissinger's policy-making clout continues to diminish. A new Cabinet level Agricultural Policy Committee, the formation of which was announced to a farm group in Illinois two weeks before the Illinois primary, will be chaired by Earl Butz, who will make the final recommendations about such matters as international grain sales—a function that had previously been Kissinger's. Kissinger will also be the loser when the White House announces this summer that Ford will accept the 200-mile offshore fishing bill (HR-200), to become effective in January. Kissinger has strongly urged that the bill be delayed in hopes that an international agreement could be worked out at the UN Law of the Sea conference. "Add them up," says one veteran Washington reporter. "NSC gone, his top aides leaving in droves, no more detente, Ford's lukewarm endorsement. His empire's coming apart, piece by piece."

■ Department of Upward Mobility: Secretary of Treasury William Simon is increasingly being talked about as the VP candidate on a Ford ticket. Reasons: conservative Republicans like him, and Ford has alienated many conservatives; next to Kissinger, he is the most intelligent of the current crop of Cabinet members, and by far the most effective speaker; he has a potentially strong following in New York, where he is highly respected in the banking and investment communities. . . . HEW insiders, puzzled for months over Secretary David Mathews' apparent lack of interest in substantive issues or administrative reform, now believe they know why: Mathews, say HEW sources, is using his job to increase his visibility, intending to return to Alabama to run for the Senate. . . . And although Morris Udall has made strong disclaimers in Arizona, the Capitol Hill rumor persists that he will announce for Senator Paul Fannin's Senate seat. Senator Fannin is retiring. His most likely opponent: conservative Representative John Conlan, who has been endorsed by ten of Arizona's 14 Republican county chairmen.

■ Latest presidential candidate, according to the Federal Election Commission, is Sam "Mr. Clean" Silverman, who has outlined a program for controlling mugging. Among his suggestions: "Don't ever enter an elevator with a stranger of any age or sex. Nor should you be fooled by midget crooks who look like children." —CATO

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in the *Chicago Sun-Times*. "We WANTED disruption. We PLANNED it. We WERE NOT innocent victims. We worked on our plans for a year before we came here to Chicago." He added that he is not sorry: his little band was right to conspire to riot. But the legal indictment, based on a law liberal pundits attacked as so vague as to be unconstitutional, described perfectly their actions and intent. We have it on the best authority.

•

■ You probably haven't heard about it—which is a shame but perhaps not a wonder—but a government agency has actually denounced its own major function as unnecessary and even harmful. The Civil Aeronautics Board's Special Staff on Regulatory Reform has concluded that "protective entry control, exit control, and public-utility-type price regulation under the Federal Aviation Act are not justified by the underlying cost and demand characteristics of commercial air transportation. The industry is naturally competitive, not monopolistic. In the absence of economic regulation, it is clear that monopoly abuses would not occur. . . . The present system of regulation causes higher than necessary costs and prices (which in turn suppress demand), weakens the ability of carriers to respond to market demand and other constantly changing conditions, narrows the range of price/quality choices to the user, and thus produces

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a misallocation of the nation's economic resources." The Special Staff recommends that these functions be phased out within the next five years.

■ On February 27, the Polisario Front unilaterally proclaimed the ex-Spanish Sahara's independence (thus forcing the Spanish into an undignified scramble to pull out on the 26th instead of the 28th, as previously scheduled). It isn't clear to what extent Polisario is nationalist and to what extent it is Marxist or maybe just a mask for Aljeria; but its name for the new country—Saharan Arab Democratic Republic—is ominous, as is the identity of its military advisors in the war against Morocco and Mauritania: not only Algerians but also PLO types, Vietnamese (including General Giap himself), and, some say, Cubans.

■ When friends pointed out to Joe McCarthy that the word "censure" was never used in the Senate vote on his conduct, he commented: "Well, it wasn't exactly a vote of confidence, now was it?" That's about the meaning of the recent, and in themselves unimportant, French local elections, in which the parties of the Left made important gains at the expense of the Center and Right. It showed a slippage in Giscard d'Estaing's popularity, which could prove fatal against a probable united front tactic of the Socialists and Communists in the Chamber of Deputy elections of 1978.

■ Reports of persecution and of "political re-education camps," where hundreds of Europeans and thousands of Africans are starved and tortured, continue to filter in from Mozambique. Since Portugal granted the country independence last June, Frelimo has been consolidating its power along typical Marxist lines; it is now, according to refugees, nationalizing property and children. Meanwhile, in Portugal, lawyers and relatives are pressing for a new airlift to save the remaining 50,000 Portuguese and an unknown number of anti-Frelimo Mozambicans.

■ Fly me! she said. Inflation has struck the Uganda Air Force, to the dismay of President Idi Amin; two of the Force's seven female trainees are pregnant. "Some of you have not been following regulations and that is why you have become pregnant," Amin observed sagely. He announced that the women's squadron will henceforth be taught birth control as well as flying techniques.

■ In homage to Lincoln's Birthday, Tiffany & Company ran an advertisement in February composed of a series of statements that the company attributed to the Father of the GOP. As it happened, they were actually *mis*-attributed; but it was not historical inaccuracy that inflamed one Dona Fowler Kaminsky, professional Labor Negotiator, who complained to Tiffany's chairman, Mr. Walter Hoving, that such lines as "You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich" evinced an "anti-labor, anti-working-class people philosophy." Blustered Ms. Kaminsky: "Do I want to be seen in a store that encourages the worst sort of snobbery, economic elitism, and contempt for the wage earner in its advertising? I am a wage earner, and I'll think twice before I enter Tiffany's again." Mr. Hoving thought once, and wrote back, "I think you are right. I do not think you should be seen at Tiffany's, so I'm going to do you a favor: I have closed your account." Whereupon the Wage Earner, not quite ready to break wholly with capitalist mechanisms, went directly off to the Federal Trade Commission to see that her credit rating would not be impaired. But unless Cartier's will have her, it may be "To the diamond mines!" on Sixth Avenue for Comrade Kaminsky.

■ Same old story from BigApolis: "The legislature of New York State has, in fact, several times attempted to remodel the municipality of New York City, which has repeatedly shown itself to be corrupt, unmanageable, and inefficient; and these attempts call for no special remark, except that they have hitherto met with only the most moderate success"—Sir Henry Maine, 1885.

■ FLOWERS OF RHETORIC DEPARTMENT: "Spain's fragile post-Franco government, shaken by spreading unrest, is now approaching a crucial crossroad"—*New York Post* editorial, Monday, March 8.

■ Correcting an oversight, Sweden may soon abolish its repressive incest laws. A government committee has filed its report recommending repeal, and now it's up to Parliament. If you think most Swedes look alike now, wait a generation.

■ Beat a path to the door of the American Dryer Corporation, which is marketing a rat trap that grabs the rat with steel jaws, electrocutes it, picks up the body, puts it in a plastic bag, and finally pushes the remains back to make room for the next rat.

■ Bible belt promoters recently announced plans to construct Heaven, near Springfield, Missouri, at a cost of $20 million. Heaven will feature gold brick streets, a fiberglass Jonah being swallowed by the whale, a tower of Babel, a garden of Eden, and a 71-foot Plexiglas Jesus.

Florida

Elsewhere in this issue the Florida primary receives extensive first-hand coverage (see "The Verdict: Slipping Landslide," page 319). In summary, however, the candidates most dramatically affected by the Florida voting proved to be Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter.

Reagan had hoped for a quick knockout in the early primaries: a win in New Hampshire, a larger one in

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Florida, and a definitive victory in Illinois. This he did not achieve. Indeed, the tactics he employed—a soft-sell campaign that tended to blur his differences with Ford—worked against the knockout strategy.

After his Florida defeat, Reagan faces an entirely different situation. The early primaries have demonstrated that a remarkably large number of Republicans desire an alternative to the present leadership. But the burden of proof still rests upon Reagan that he can provide it. Having failed to achieve a quick knockout, he now faces a long campaign of attrition. If he hopes to succeed in the weeks to come Reagan must accomplish two things. He must sharpen the voters' perception of his differences with the Ford Administration. He must also receive more high-level counsel on issues that are bound to come up. So far, Reagan has shown himself to be remarkably well informed on some issues—nuclear power, welfare reform—but spotty in his response to others: federal aid to New York, SALT, Angola.

Jimmy Carter emerged from the Florida primary as the only Democratic candidate to demonstrate potential appeal to a national constituency. Jackson relies heavily on organized labor and the Jewish vote. Udall appeals to the upper-middle-class liberal purists and is not bothering to campaign in the South at all; indeed, he is almost overtly a vice presidential candidate. But Carter defeated the liberals in New Hampshire, defeated Wallace in Florida, ran well among blacks in Massachusetts, led the field in Iowa, and appears headed for a win in Illinois. Carter thus emerges as the only Democrat who is not a factional candidate and who might be able to pull the entire party around him, but it remains to be seen whether he can survive the inevitable fratricidal struggle in which most of the blows will now be aimed at him.

Press Strategy

The liberals are in accord;
They're being nice to Jerry Ford.
His bloopers don't get into print.
Of goofs and gaffes, there's not a hint.
But if he ever leads the pack,
They'll give this strategy the sack
And crank up "Ford, the gooney-bird."
Till then, however, mum's the word.

W. H. VON DREELE

Kissinger's View of History

Except for Woodrow Wilson, another academician, no modern American leader of world stature has placed so much of his mind on public record as Henry Kissinger. Beginning with his lengthy senior thesis at Harvard in 1950 and continuing through an impressive series of books and essays, Kissinger has set forth in the clearest possible terms his views of the course of history and, particularly, his conception of his own role as a statesman.

This body of writing does much to illuminate Kissinger's performance as Secretary of State, both his strengths and his shortcomings. Quite apart from the question of its intellectual merits, his writing also raises a serious question about the suitability, for his present position, of a man holding the views Kissinger has so extensively set forth.

Since 1950, an invariable quality of Kissinger's work has been its underlying pessimism. The 1950 senior thesis dealt with the historical writings of Spengler, Toynbee, and Kant. Kissinger finds intellectually and aesthetically appealing, then and since, the fatalism of the great German and English determinists. When the inevitable decline of a nation or a civilization sets in, little or nothing can be done about it except endure stoically amid the rumble of kettledrums, the clash of cymbals, and the cries of the Valkyries.

Throughout Kissinger's published writings, moreover, and consistent with the pervasive pessimism, his great hero-statesmen are *tragic* geniuses. They do what they can to forestall disaster; they hold it at bay for a while; but even the greatest cannot prevail, and in the end their work goes for naught. Typically, in *A World Restored*, his PhD thesis on Metternich, Kissinger argues that "perhaps Metternich's policy should be measured not by its ultimate failure, but by the length of time it staved off ultimate disaster." The same is true of other Kissinger heroes, such as Castlereagh, and above all of Kissinger's prime hero, Bismarck, whose supple balance-of-power diplomacy created a stable world order that lasted nearly fifty years. But the work of Bismarck ended in the grandest European catastrophe so far, the two World Wars. History is "inherently unstable," wars are due to "intrinsic causes," and catastrophe looms at the end of every road.

The student of Kissinger's writings has no trouble identifying the present figure who is in the line of Castlereagh, Metternich, and Bismarck—the doomed statesman-genius who is delaying catastrophe, holding off inevitable defeat, patching things up with concessions here, retreats there, always surrounded and harassed by Lilliputian politicians and bureaucrats and misunderstood by the fickle masses.

Kissinger's view of history explains a good deal that might otherwise seem puzzling: his premature decision that Portugal was lost, for example (the tough Catholic small landowners north of Lisbon are not students of Spengler); his casual remark recently that Europe would be Marxist inside of ten years; his deference, in the Solzhenitsyn affair, to the sensibilities of the Kremlin; his apparent assumption that we can offer little more than verbal opposition to the expansion of Soviet influence; and his seeming policy of "preventive concession," as in the Panama Canal negotiations, the "openings" to Castro (now so ludicrously rebuffed), and the

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overly favorable terms of the grain, technology, and other deals with the Soviets. All this is explicable only on the settled assumption of irreversible Western decline.

Kissinger's pessimistic view of history may, in fact, be valid. It certainly has a good deal of academic appeal. But is it suitable for a man conducting the foreign policy of the most powerful nation in the free world? His adversaries in the Kremlin, Havana, and elsewhere are not in the least pessimistic about the fate of their own cause.

There is also a sense in which such pessimism is aesthetic and even sentimental. As Herodotus, the earliest Western historian, often observed, we cannot know the pattern until the pattern is complete. A thing can be known to be "tragic" only after the tragedy has actually occurred. Why should we assign to ourselves, rather than to the Soviets—who have plenty of internal weaknesses—the role of decline and fall?

Ignoring Wallace Johnson

Prior to the voting in New Hampshire, *NR* alerted readers to the significance of the protest vice presidential candidacy of Wallace Johnson, former mayor of Berkeley, California (1963-71). Johnson was running as a Republican on a single issue: the hastily passed measure that would peg congressional salaries to inflation, thus insulating the legislators—the principal generators of inflation—from the consequences of their own acts. *NR* reported:

"Johnson seems to be catching on in New Hampshire, and he has received wide support in the local newspapers. He has also flustered some of the major politicians. Ford's New Hampshire campaign head, Representative James Cleveland, has co-authored a House resolution to repeal the special inflation protection. But his principal, the President, opposes repeal. Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan have come out for repeal, and New Hampshire Senator John Durkin conspicuously returned his pay raise to the U.S. Treasury. But Birch Bayh is against repeal, and could be hurt by this stand. Wallace Johnson thus has shrewdly seized upon a metaphor for much that is rotten in Washington, and he may be able to drive his point home in New Hampshire."

Peace through Strength

They pour more steel; they pump more oil.
They make more nitrates for their soil.
They grow more cotton; shear more wool.
Their tractor quotas have more pull.
They've got a faster-growing fleet,
And when they ask, we send them wheat.
In short, we're simply getting gored.
Now how about that, Jerry Ford?

W. H. von Dreele

And, even as foretold here, drive it home he did. Johnson received 35,483 votes in New Hampshire. A mere 22,842 votes put Jimmy Carter on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Wallace Johnson got 50 per cent more votes than the Democratic "winner."

Now, wouldn't you think that the media would have paid some attention to those figures? When 24 of 25 voters in the early-voting hamlet of Dixville Notch went for Wallace Johnson, don't you think the curiosity of Walter Cronkite would have been piqued? Not at all. A curious silence surrounds the entire event.

No doubt, and understandably, the media focused on the "major" contested races—Ford *v.* Reagan, Carter *v.* the field, etc.—but it is also likely that Wallace Johnson, implicitly critical of inflation and federal deficits, was perceived by the media as a no-no. Powerful interests happen to have a stake in high levels of federal spending, and the media happen to be sympathetic to many of those interests. Wallace Johnson therefore led what proved to be a sizable rebellion, and the camera crews stayed away.

Action on this issue will now move to the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, which has kept repeal legislation bottled up. Signatures from 218 of 435 congressmen are needed to force the Committee to release the measure so that it can be voted on. Some 35,000 New Hampshire voters have already shown the way.

Wave of the Past

"If the Democrats win the next election," Robert Heilbroner confesses in the *New York Times*, "some form of economic planning is likely to become a reality in the next President's first term." Actually, the development is viewed as inevitable in any case, for reasons that are quite revealing. Heilbroner figures that "some form of planning" is needed because "our population is still increasing, bringing strains that are particularly felt in underfinanced cities." This is a curious argument, because population growth has certainly slowed dramatically, most of the "underfinanced" cities have actually experienced a significant *decline* in population, and there is little or no evidence that governmental population-control programs have any significant effect.

Heilbroner is also worried that "technology is relentlessly invading the social order with products whose destructive potential continues to take us by surprise," and that "the process of economic growth continues its ravenous progress." Heilbroner's omniscient and omnipotent planners would, apparently, consider 1974 a very good year, since technology and economic growth were so effectively halted. There can be little doubt that bureaucratic planning is an effective device to restrain progress, or even to limit the survival of an "excessive" population. The Middle Ages, with their guilds, royal monopolies, trade restrictions, and usury laws proved the power of economic intervention. But there is considerable

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room for doubt that slowing technology and economic growth is the goal of our "society," whatever that might mean in such a context.

In the Morgan Guaranty Survey, Nobel Laureate F. A. Hayek expresses his impatience at "encountering the same empty phrases" more than thirty years after he began writing about centralized bureaucratic "planning." The question is not whether people should plan their affairs, but *who*, exactly, should do the planning. Surveying the current rhetoric on the subject, Hayek finds that planning remains an unidentified instrument for an undisclosed purpose.

Proponents of planning sometimes describe it as mere data-collection or forecasting, but then go on to suggest that businesses should be "induced" (e.g., through "mandatory resource allocation") to make the forecasts come true. Matching assigned production goals would probably require forming cartels, like Roosevelt's NRA, and this may actually be the motive behind the idea. Hayek easily dismisses the idea that the increasing complexity of the economy requires central direction: "It is becoming progressively less and less imaginable that any one mind or planning authority could picture or survey the millions of connections between the ever more numerous interlocking separate activities which have become indispensable for the efficient use of modern technology and even the maintenance of the standard of life Western man has achieved."

Cracks in the Guild Monopolies

The news that the Federal Trade Commission will pressure the American Medical Association to remove its sanctions against doctors' advertising is good news and follows other good news. Competition in this country has been taking a beating over the past few decades, both in fact and in debate. Some people have ideological hangups about competition. But it is as American as hamburgers and seems to be making a comeback.

The regulatory agencies, certainly those that regulate rates, routes, etc., and to a lesser extent those that regulate health and safety, are falling into disrepute. The Supreme Court has ruled that professionals—e.g., doctors, lawyers—are not exempt from antitrust laws. The FTC plans to investigate the practices of real estate brokers, appliance repairers, and veterinarians, and will also investigate the rules and requirements that restrict entry into businesses or professions.

After taking on the doctors, the FTC will go after the lawyers, whose canons of ethics prevent them from advertising—though the lawyers may ease up their rules before the FTC gets to them. Of course, allowing professionals to advertise doesn't mean they will, but it is a good bet that some of them will and that the competition inevitably resulting therefrom could bring lower rates and better service.

The Collapse of Democracy

Robert Moss is a young English writer of many and varied talents: editor of the newsletter *Foreign Report* published by *The Economist* magazine, author of numerous articles and books dealing with the general area of revolutionary politics and terrorism, TV commentator, advisor to Conservative Party leader Margaret Thatcher, and political activist. His most recent book, entitled *The Collapse of Democracy*, appeared last year in England and has just been published here. It is an intellectual and political event of the first importance.

To a considerable degree, though the twentieth century now moves on toward its end, we remain under the influence of assumptions central to the bourgeois culture of the nineteenth century. Among these was the assumption that democracy constituted the "natural" form of government, and that, with the spread of "enlightenment," democracy would in due course prevail over the

Melodrama

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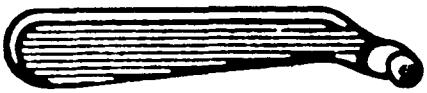

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face of the earth and prove permanent. "Retrogressions" and "deviations" might, alas, exist—but they would be transitory.

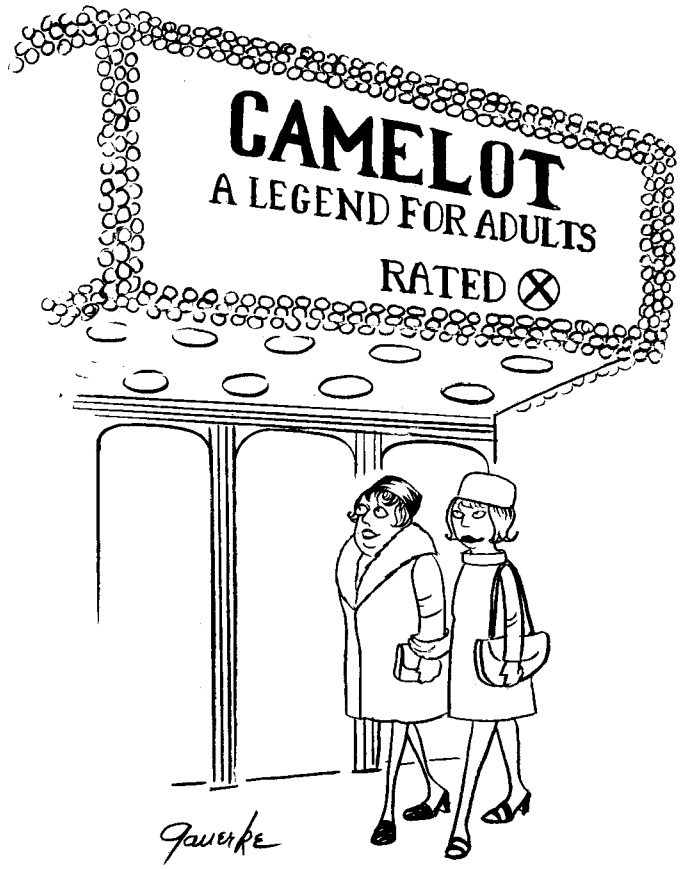
Robert Moss is a democrat, but he is also a man of the twentieth century. He sees that democracy is not inevitable, but rather precarious. "In Britain, as in other places, disciplined minorities moved by radical ideologies and an equally radical contempt for the past have successfully overruled the conventions of the great majority." He sees that "the threat from totalitarian movements and ideologies (which are not always recognized for what they are) is rapidly increasing, and that subversion . . . must be counted as one of the primary threats to democracy in Britain today." He argues, on principle, that in a democracy "totalitarian movements should be tolerated only *on sufferance*—that is, if they spread their wings too far, they will need to be clipped." A "democratic society" cannot be an entirely "open" one.

As a man of the twentieth century, moreover, Moss articulates a harsh truth undreamed of by the bourgeois optimists of an earlier day. "In the event that a democratic society breaks down irretrievably, it has *two* alternatives to anarchy, not one: the choice is then between authoritarian or totalitarian rule. The semantic confusion characteristic of much public debate has blurred the distinction between these two fundamentally different types of regime. The characteristic of authoritarian rule is that it substitutes the authority of a self-appointed (or hereditary) elite for the political process, without directly interfering in many areas of social, intellectual, and economic life. . . . A totalitarian regime also substitutes the authority of a self-appointed elite for the political process. But here, politics intrudes on everything: there is no escape, in ideas, economics, or lifestyle, from the politico-bureaucratic conformity imposed by the ruling ideology. . . . There may well be no return from the long dark night of a totalitarian dictatorship, short of defeat of that dictatorship in war. An authoritarian regime, in contrast, is likely to be less durable because of the liberties it leaves intact and may in some cases amount to no more than a holding operation: an attempt to pick up the pieces after a social explosion."

The Collapse of Democracy is an important book, and it arises out of the actual experience of politics in the twentieth century.

Uncommon Nonsense

The self-appointed People's Bicentennial Commission continues its blasphemous rewriting of American history. PBC literature gives the clear impression that the actual purpose of the American Revolution was to establish a central government that was even more inclined toward stiff taxes and pervasive economic regulations than was the regime of George III. This is just a transparent ad-



"I'd really rather remember him as he wasn't."

vertising gimmick, used to peddle a revival of Tory mercantilism—government control of each minute detail of commerce, extensive controls over international trade, restrictive guilds, royal monopolies, and the like. It was the contemporary experience of just such a "planned economy" that inspired Adam Smith to write his revolutionary book.

A recent issue of the organization's paper, *Common Sense*, begins with an assortment of disingenuous propaganda: "By 1980," claims the PBC, "80 per cent of the productive assets of the non-Communist world will be controlled by 200 corporations." This is hysterical nonsense, even if some incredibly narrow definition of "productive assets" is used, and the names of the firms in the "top 200" are allowed to change over time. "The Chase Manhattan Bank," according to the PBC, "tells us that the corporate exodus from America will bring about a permanent unemployment rate of 17 per cent within ten years." Another misstatement. Chase's estimate of unemployment was attributed to a paucity of capital formation, not to the foreign investments of supposedly capital-rich "U.S.-based" global companies.

Next, we come to the PBC's "positive" program: "Every American has a right to an equal vote and voice in the economic decisions of this nation." A system is advocated in which "workers share in the net income of the enterprise and jointly determine various income levels for different job tasks." Such "democratically run firms" already exist, says *Common Sense*, and are "all

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out-performing their corporate competitors." More specifically, the PBC wants "abolition" of "giant" corporations, with ownership and control being shared jointly by the workers in the plants and by the local communities in which they operate—with similar patterns of shared representative control being exercised on a regional and national level to ensure the "smooth, efficient coordination of all economic operations." Those vague hints about "shared" representation with government, including national "coordination" (i.e., if a plant's plans don't coordinate with a central plan, guess whose plans prevail?), sound like old-fashioned Big Government socialism cleverly disguised as decentralized syndicalism. Favorable comments about "public ownership of oil and other natural resources" convey the same impression—about as novel and modern as Britain's taxpayer-supported coal industry.

When we try to put some muscle on these bare bones, the result is Frankenstein's monster. Joe Jones of Des Moines can't really exercise his alleged right to vote on each of the trillions of "economic decisions of this nation." That is an empty slogan. A worker *can* share in the net income of an enterprise if he is willing to supply investment funds and to share in losses as well as gains. But it is not really possible for the workers of a firm to "jointly determine various income levels for different job tasks," because that is determined by the supply and demand for each skill. If managers and other skilled personnel are paid less than they can earn elsewhere, they will change jobs.

If worker-owned firms really out-perform their corporate competitors, as claimed, then there is no need for this evangelical lobbying—the corporations simply won't survive the competition. Underlying all this brave talk about the "abolition" of corporations, there must be a secret fear that, if given the choice, most people would prefer to work for and buy from large businesses. The People's Bicentennial Commission just wants to eliminate that choice—among others.

Child Abuse

The term "child abuse" usually refers to things like excessive beating by stupid or neurotic parents, or other forms of sadistic violence, and it can also include extreme neglect, due to parental ignorance, imbecility, and so on. There are laws against it. John Rothchild and Susan Berns Wolf, however, have explored another mode of child abuse and they report their findings in a new book called *The Children of the Counterculture* (Doubleday). The volume should be at least as interesting to District Attorneys as it is to book reviewers.

The children in question are the offspring of those who "dropped out" during the 1960s to become inhabitants of the counterculture. The two authors visited urban and rural communes, the assorted institutions set up by the new "religions" (Lamas, Hare Krishnas), and such weird places as The Farm, run by an authoritarian character named Stephen Gaskin. The scene throughout is one of almost unrelieved squalor. The children are neglected, deprived, tormented. They receive little or no education. Many, not unexpectedly, are disturbed, ill, or malnourished. In one hippie establishment, in the midst of filth and squalor, the authors came upon a ten-year-old girl who, despite her surroundings, managed to keep an immaculate conventional bedroom, complete with gingham bedspread, mirror, hairbrushes, and so on, an island amidst chaos. Her mother, in contrast, resided in some chemical outer space.

Another mother had intercourse with her six-year-old son because, she explained, she wanted him to "win" the Oedipal struggle and be free from hangups. In another nightmare scene, an 18-month-old child struggles toward the oatmeal pot hoping to get there before the stuff is eaten by others. The schools run by the Hare Krishnas are unbelievably harsh and bizarre, and have been shut down by many communities.

On the evidence presented by *The Children of the Counterculture*, serious violations of the law as well as of morality and civility are commonplace in this milieu, and the children lack the elementary protections to which they are entitled.

Detente, R I P

"At the moment, the question is not how the Soviet Union will find a way out of totalitarianism, but how the West will be able to avoid the same fate. . . . I wouldn't be surprised at the sudden and imminent fall of the West. . . . The West is on the verge of a collapse created by its own hands. . . . You may call this detente if you like, but after Angola, I just can't understand how one's tongue can utter this word."

Thus spoke Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn to a BBC interviewer. At the same time, it occurred to Gerald Ford to rechristen his foreign policy, inasmuch as "detente" had become, as George Will put it, a "snicker-producer. . . . The public has come to understand that the Administration can neither define the word nor defend the policy that the word denotes." Henceforth, a State Department spokesman promised, neither Mr. Ford's tongue nor the tongue of any member of the State Department will utter that word. After all, explained the President, " 'Detente' is only a word that was coined. I don't think it is applicable any more." (The President on NBC: "I think it would be very unwise for a President—me or anyone else—to abandon detente. I think detente is in the best interest of this country. It is in the best interest of world stability, world peace . . . and politically I think any candidate who says abandon detente will be the loser in the long run." But that was in January.)

We await a major policy statement in keeping with this terminological adjustment. Meanwhile, Detente is dead. Long live Peace through Strength.

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Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Calling our putting a man on the moon "an aristocratic caper" was a nice use of words and would have been even nicer had you pronounced the adjective from the Greek as it is pronounced by the *best* English speakers.

I would appreciate having a line from you that by now you have researched *Pulitzer* and now know it's pronounced Pull It Sir.

Your *Firing Line* is shown twice a week here and is a delight for most of us in this land of murdered language.

REEL good. Sincerely,

Rives Matthews
The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to English
Paradise Valley, Arizona

Dear Mr. Matthews: You must mean "as it is pronounced by *some of* the best English speakers"? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

I did not give you the good oil, as the Australians say, in my previous note. I implied that *Homo phoenicopteros* was Latin. Of course the coinage is macaronic—Latin and Greek. Oy!

A note on Joseph A. Rehyansky's ["Letter from the Edge of Detente," February 20, 1976] mention that the U.S. garrison troops along the East German border carry .45 calibre automatic pistols.

The American Army .45 is a ferocious weapon. In the continuing controversy over what handgun to keep in the bedroom against burglars, Democrats, and other shootable creatures, I recommend the .45 Colt automatic. One has to pull the slide back to place a round in the chamber, an effort that prevents one's shooting oneself after a bad dream, as one can do with a revolver. Moreover, pulling back the slide is beyond the strength of most women (*vide* the abortive attempt to shoot President Ford), and so the husband of the house has a good chance his wife will not be able to shoot him. Placing weapons on the top of the wardrobe or locking the trigger is not advisable, since most burglars and Democrats will not wait until the victim gets his gun down, finds the trigger lock key, and gets the thing in operating order. Moreover, in dispatching Democrats, one must be forehanded—if one shoots them, the remaining members of that party will surely call louder for a gun control law—so in their case I recommend using a bow and arrow. That might also turn the current fashion against the feathered Indians. Best,

John Greenway
Oppressor of Anthropology
University of Colorado
Boulder, Colorado

■ Memo to: Bill Buckley
Bill Rusher
Jim McFadden
Priscilla Buckley
Rob Sennott
From: Jim O'Bryan

The March 28, 1975 cover of *NR* (Ford swimming upstream) has been selected by the Society of Illustrators 18th Annual Exhibition for hanging in their show.

I thought you'd be pleased to know.

■ CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
HONOLULU

Dear Bill:

Saving the Queen was great fun, and an elegant spoof on the James Bond genre of machismo-fantasizing. Blackie is a comic book hero for the sophisticates of the jet set and New York intellectuals. To get birched on the bottom by a snobbish Britisher, and to settle the score by screwing his Queen, is Royal tits for a commoner's tat, and a male chauvinist piece of imagination without parallel in fiction. Love.

Clare

■ Dear Bill:

Has it occurred to you that those embarrassing answers might have been written in Richard Rovere's copy of *Suicide of the West* by master mechanic Otto Brenner? Or maybe Tierney McCarthy?

As ever,
Richard de Mille
University of California
Santa Barbara, California

■ Dear Bill:

As cutoff time approaches in the readying of a manuscript for prospective publishers' audit, the subject of acknowledgments arises, especially in cases where derived material might be partial or peripheral. Credit obligations with respect to material reproduced in its entirety are fairly clear-cut.

Do you foresee any difficulty resulting from the incorporation of certain material published in NATIONAL REVIEW and credited to JK, into a forthcoming publication? I am addressing a similar query to the editors of four other periodicals, in the same context.

Translation: Permission is respectfully requested to reprint and/or extract some work of mine which has appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW, where re-publication may be limited by copyright.

Tentative title: *The Boggle.* It highlights (among other Menaces) Turgid Obscurantism and Idiomatic Blubber, as typified by the first two paragraphs of this letter.

Fondly,
John D. Kreuttner

Dear John: Permissionwise, go ahead. Best, Bill
—WFB

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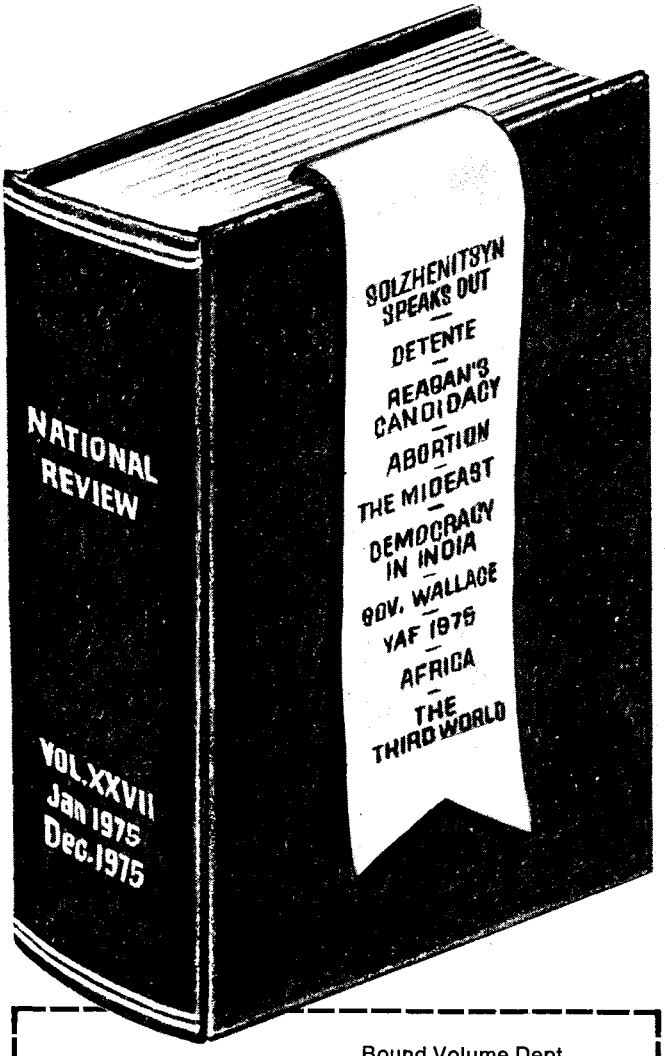

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July or Thermidor?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

On 9 Thermidor 1794, the Convention, disregarding the threats and violence of the Parisian mob, repudiated Robespierre. We now see that this event marked a decisive and irreversible turn in the French Revolution. Robespierre and eighty of his colleagues were executed. The Terror was brought to an end, the extreme Jacobins were discarded, and the course of the Revolution, with the help of Napoleon's dictatorship, was contained within bourgeois limits.

On July 3/4, 1917, 200,000 workers and thousands of armed soldiers took to the streets of Petrograd to demand "All Power to the Soviet." The Bolsheviks had opposed the demonstration as "premature," but joined and more or less led it when they realized they could not stop it. This event marked a major turn in the Russian Revolution. The demonstration's collapse threw the revolutionary gears into reverse. The Bolshevik leaders went into hiding (Lenin, Zinoviev) or jail (Lunacharsky, Kamenev, Trotsky). The parties seeking to hold post-Czarist Russia within a European sociopolitical frame were reinforced. Nevertheless, though the turn was real and drastic, we now see that it was not decisive. The revolution shifted back on course. Four months later the Bolsheviks took power.

Early in the morning of November 25, 1975, several military units in the Lisbon region, accompanied in some cases by crowds of workers, occupied the local airfields and other installations. This action was promoted by ultra-left Maoist and Trotskyist groups in collaboration with radicalized soldiers. The occasion seems to have been the announcement that the revolutionary free wheeler General de Carvalho was to be relieved of his command.

The Communists opposed the action. Nevertheless, once it started, a number of Communists—though none of the Party leaders—went along. After a few hours of confusion, it became clear that the mass of workers and soldiers were not going to do anything. Elite troops commanded by Colonel Jaime Neves liquidated the "revolt" without much trouble.

The accounts of this episode are obscure. Whatever really happened, it was a major turning point in the Portuguese revolution. Before November 25 the course of events had held steady to the (Communist) Left. On that day, it swung rightward and, with a few zigs and zags, has so continued. But if the November turn was major, the question still remains: Was it also decisive? Has the Portuguese revolution been brought to a permanent halt short of the Communist takeover from whose bourn no nation has returned?

What the Facts Say

The Western media believe that it has been; believe, in fact, that the Portuguese not only have defeated Communism but are on their way to a democratic, pluralist republic. Much that has happened since November 25 seems to support this conclusion. Communist representation in the government has been reduced. Many radicalized military units have been reorganized or disbanded; radical officers have been discharged or downgraded. The Communists have lost some trade union elections. Conservative parties have come into the open. Opinion polls indicate that the Communists will do worse in next month's election than in last year's election.

An objective estimate must, however, add two other factors.

First, Portugal's economy is in shambles. The rate of inflation is 70 per cent and climbing. Unemployment is 15 to 20 per cent. Many factories are shut. Tourism is wrecked. Remittances from Portuguese workers abroad are way down. Few of the half-million refugees from southern Africa have jobs or housing. Most of the discharged soldiers are jobless. Thousands of businessmen, professionals, and technicians have emigrated.

Second, the November 25 affair has not brought a resolution of the critical social and political problems—"contradictions," Marxists would call them—that arose out of the 1974 revolution. A revolutionary situation brings to the surface problems of a special sort that must be settled before life can resume a normal course. They must be, because they raise the issue: Who shall be master in the house?

Since April 1974 half of Portuguese business enterprises have been nationalized with little or no compensation. Is that the way it is going to be? Will there be further nationalization?

Thousands of farms have been seized outright from their owners. Are the new occupants going to keep the farms? Are more farms to be expropriated?

The soldiers have been, most of the time, exercising the sovereign power. Are they really willing to give it up for good?

How are those hundreds of thousands of refugees and discharged veterans going to fit into the political picture?

And the Communists are still around post-November. No Communists were executed after November 25; no prominent Communist was even arrested. All but a dozen of the miscellaneous leftists who were jailed have been released—including General (now again Major) Carvalho. None of the Communist cadres has been touched; their basic organization is as strong as ever.

Alvaro Cunhal has not disappeared. In the tradition of the *Communist Manifesto*, Cunhal scorns to hide *his* opinion of private ownership, pluralist democracy, and the peaceful road to power. What do Portugal's resurgent conservatives think of allowing Cunhal and his cadres to operate freely?

To Turn or Not to Turn

I suppose our comprehension of these turns, which occur in nearly all revolutions, is always after the fact. It does seem doubtful that this Portuguese situation can be resolved by a constitutional, pluralist, democratic regime. Even without the presence of the Communists, the social and economic crisis is too severe for pluralist democratic process. There is no chance of bringing the crisis to an end while the Communists remain free to keep it going. The Communists can be stopped, but only if they are politically crushed, not merely outvoted. If a force able and willing to do the crushing appears on the Portuguese scene, what will our media say then, poor things? □

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THE VERDICT

. . . and so they come out of Florida: Ford triumphant, Reagan still game, heaving for Illinois. Jimmy Carter, grin wider than ever, Wallace weary, Jackson and Udall looking ahead to New York

Slipping Landslide

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

MIAMI, MARCH 4—If you're a sports fan, you watched the last Super Bowl, one of the best of the series. The Dallas Cowboys were the underdogs, a team with neither the depth nor the experience of the Pittsburgh Steelers, the incumbent NFL champions.

What the Cowboys did have, however, was an explosive offense led by quarterback Roger Staubach, who in the crucial games of the season had consistently stunned opponents with unpredictable plays and sudden long scoring passes. It was this ability to strike quickly, to dazzle, to keep the other team off balance, that brought the Cowboys to the Super Bowl. And it was this offensive ability that gave the Cowboys a lead over the Steelers at half-time. The famous Steeler defense just didn't seem able to diagnose the Cowboy plays, and Terry Bradshaw, the stolid and accident-prone Steeler quarterback, was stumbling, uncertain, blundering.

And then came the change. The underdog Cowboys, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, were loose and daring during the first half, seeming almost able to score at will. But then it happened. They took a lead, and suddenly they realized that they could, against all odds, actually win. And so they began to play very cautious, conservative football, sitting on that lead, fearing to make mistakes. And that was the biggest mistake of all. Now they were playing the predictable, safe sort of game the Steelers understood. Bradshaw settled down and began to perform with aggressive competence, and the Steeler juggernaut began to roll. Toward the end of the game Staubach tried to play with that old abandon again, but by then it was much too late.

In retrospect, even the Cowboys' coach admitted that they might well have won big if only they hadn't decided to sit on that lead. If you don't have the depth and the troops, but you do have dash and speed, then the best defense must necessarily be total offense. This is true of football, warfare, and politics.

And this explains, I believe, what has happened to the Reagan campaign in Florida. Reagan is sitting on a melting lead, denying and explaining, campaigning defensively rather than offensively, answering charges instead of making them, letting Ford take the game to him. The Reagan strategy might have worked, had Ford kept falling down stairs. But he didn't. Somewhere along the line Ford got mad, and the decision was made to try to take Reagan out quickly. And it appears to be working. Ford has been allowed to go on the offensive, and with his formidable resources—Cabinet surrogates, Executive branch experts, White House staff, the pork barrel, the bulk of the Republican leadership—it is a very potent offensive indeed.

When I joined the Reagan tour as a reporter for several days at the end of February, it was obvious that the campaign had been knocked off stride by the New Hampshire primary. Reagan's supporters, along with much of the national media, had expected a victory. A poll taken a week before the voting showed Reagan with a comfortable eight-point lead, and despite the size of the uncommitted vote, the Reagan high command was sufficiently confident to leave New Hampshire two days before the primary to campaign in Illinois. On primary eve the Ford camp seemed sunk in despair, the atmosphere of gloom so pervasive that Stuart Spencer, Ford's professional political manager, went to the unprofessional length of publicly blaming Ford's anticipated poor showing on a conspiracy between Richard Nixon and John Connally to knock Ford out of the race.

But when the dust cleared the day after, the Ford people couldn't quite believe their eyes. A post-New Hampshire political cartoon seems to sum it up. A slightly dazed sheriff in white grins uncertainly down at a smoking six-shooter held uncertainly in both hands. Sprawled in the dust is a lean gunfighter in black, his two drawn guns beside him. The befuddled sheriff says, "Well, I'll be darned."

No one yet quite understands how it happened. But it did happen. By most political standards, Reagan's narrow

Mr. Coyne—speechwriter to two Presidents and two Vice Presidents within a year—is now writing a book about the last days of the Nixon Administration.

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Ford has been allowed to go on the offensive, and with his formidable resources, it is a very potent offensive indeed

loss would be considered a moral victory, as was Eugene McCarthy's loss when he polled 42 per cent to Lyndon Johnson's 48 in 1968. But because Reagan out-organized and out-campaigned an apparently ineffectual and disorganized Ford, and because most accepted indicators signaled a win, Ford was considered a distinct underdog, and his victory therefore a genuine upset.

As a result, the whole Reagan game plan is now in doubt. The idea had been to strike quickly by taking Ford out in New Hampshire and Florida. These victories, it was believed, would have a snowball effect, influencing the results in Illinois, where Reagan is presently running from seven to ten points behind, and encouraging regular Republicans to defect from Ford in droves. With Ford rapidly losing support, and with John Connally apparently ready to enter the race after Illinois, thereby siphoning off votes from Ford, Reaganites hoped to have a clear field by April.

But all that may be academic now, and in Florida, just days before the voting, the Reagan camp is desperately trying to come up with a new game plan. No one is quite sure what the new plan will look like, or whether it is even possible to develop a new plan at all. Everyone agrees that if Reagan is to hold on to his dwindling lead in Florida, he's going to have to come out swinging. But the problem is, swinging at what?

ST. PETERSBURG, MARCH 1—It's a defensive Reagan that I cover during the last days of February. On the first day of campaigning in the Tampa-St. Petersburg area, the atmosphere in the Reagan camp is uneasy, uncertain, Reagan himself bone-weary, having arrived in Tampa late at night, straight from a full schedule of campaigning in Illinois the day after the New Hampshire primary. Reagan is somewhat testy upon arrival, as is the press contingent traveling with him, and aides agree that the day would have been better spent resting and reassessing strategy.

The first event on the 27th is a noon rally in Williams Park in St. Petersburg, a city which literally swarms with old people. Thirty-five per cent of the citizens are over 65, a Reagan aide tells me, as are 60 per cent of St. Petersburg's registered Republicans. Pinellas County is a mecca for Midwestern retirees, many of them living on Social Security and pensions; it is one of Gerald Ford's strongholds.

We are in the land of the very old. About 8,000 of them sit on wooden benches or stand at the rear, chatting, tapping their feet, some of them singing along as a band plays Yankee-Doodleish tunes, many of them eating box lunches.

There are several hesitant preliminary speeches. Reagan finally arrives late, running just ahead of heavy rain clouds. The audience groans when it's told that neither James Stewart nor Efrem Zimbalist Jr. will appear after all. But they give Reagan a good, though not a rousing, welcome. He launches into an abbreviated version of The Speech, flipping through his pile of cards, hitting all the familiar points—bureaucracy, taxes, deficit spending, federal paper-shuffling, federal inefficiency, vacillating foreign policy, Cuba, Russia, Panama, detente, Helsinki. He is interrupted once by a spaced-out blonde in blue sunglasses, carrying a baby and screaming, "Don't hurt me!" as the Secret Service and the police hustle her out of range. Otherwise, there is little crowd noise, the applause polite but never wildly enthusiastic. Reagan is slightly hoarse, his timing uncharacteristically off as he runs rapidly through the figures that document federal waste and inefficiency.

Each point is well taken. During the speech, however, and during the following question-and-answer session, it's obvious that the real topics of interest are the New Hampshire primary and Social Security. The charges made by Ford have clearly hurt, and it appears that Reagan now believes they lost him the primary. A great deal of his time

Reagan also spends a good deal of time responding to the doubt planted by Ford's assertions that no one to the right of him can win a national election

is spent attempting to clear up the record. Ford has accused Reagan of advocating a voluntary Social Security system and of intending to invest Social Security funds in the stock market.

Reagan denies both accusations hotly, and launches into a detailed explanation of his plan for Social Security reform. He intends to appoint a "presidential commission of the most expert insurance, pension, and actuarial people in our land." The commission will study the program and make recommendations on how to put it on a sound financial basis—an idea based upon the success of the citizen task forces he established in California ten years ago.

But presidential commissions tend to lack sex appeal, and the program sounds somewhat abstract and complicated. People begin to shift around and talk, their attention wandering, although they snap back when Reagan assures them that no matter what the final shape of his proposals, there will be no interruption in payments. And anyhow, he adds, it would all take about thirty years to bring about. They applaud, apparently secure in the knowledge that by that time most of them will be rejoicing in heaven.

No doubt it's a good and necessary proposal. But is this really the time and the place to be talking at length about reforming the Social Security system? Should he be talking about Social Security at all? David Keene, a top Reagan aide, likes to tell one of Lyndon Johnson's favorite stories. A Texas congressman told his press aide to spread the word

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Reagan is sitting on a melting lead, denying and explaining, campaigning defensively rather than offensively

that his opponent fornicated with pigs. Can we prove it? the aide asked. Of course not, said the congressman. But it's a hell of a charge to have to spend your time denying.

Reagan also spends a good deal of time responding to the doubt planted by Ford's assertions that no one to the right of him can win a national election. Reagan points out that he won twice by landslides in a 3 to 2 Democratic state, and he insists he proved his broad appeal in New Hampshire by getting 1,500 Democratic write-in votes.

Perhaps. But he's definitely playing the game on Ford's terms, trapped into talking at length on non-issues. And it's dangerous for an insurgent candidate, this late in the game, to be so obviously on the defensive.

As the rally begins to break up, I ask an elderly couple if they intend to vote for Reagan. No, they say. Ford? No. "Actually," says the man, "we're going to vote for Jackson. We just came over to see the fun."

"That's the trouble with crowd estimates in Florida," a reporter from the *Miami Herald* tells me. "You can't tell the residents from the tourists, and in a retirement town you can't tell a candidate's supporters from the people who think of these things as social events."

We cross the street to a retiree recreation center called Social Scene, Inc., where we are served Colonel Sanders and Pepsi, and where L. E. (Tommy) Thomas, Reagan's ebullient Florida campaign chairman, tells several of us that he has revised his estimate of the winning margin. A few weeks earlier Thomas had been predicting a 2 to 1 Reagan victory. Now he's predicting 55 per cent, a figure that makes Reagan aides wince. Governor Meldrim Thomson had been trumpeting the same figure around New Hampshire the week before.

"I'd hate like the devil to do less than 50 per cent," says Thomas. Anything in the 40s would be "damaging," he continues, and a flat 40 per cent or less would be "a disaster."

Later, as we board the press bus for an hour-and-a-half motorcade to a shopping center rally in Pasco County, a reporter calls it "the slipping landslide."

Several thousand people pack into a parking lot to hear Reagan. Again, sections of The Speech from cards, and again, a detailed discussion of Social Security and electability. Reporters, who have been waiting for something signaling a shift in strategy, perk up when a questioner in the crowd asks, "Do you think Mr. Ford is a good President?" Reagan pauses, then pleads the 11th Commandment.

"Where's Jimmy Stewart?" several ladies ask me as the rally breaks up.

That night, a talk, billed as non-political, to a group called the Sales and Marketing Executives of St. Petersburg. This is a Reagan crowd, middle-aged, well-dressed, happy. He gives The Speech again, this time in its entirety, only the overt political references excised. He's at the top of his form, he likes this audience, and they punctuate every paragraph with applause, with a standing ovation at the end. Peculiar. Reagan is one of the few politicians in the country who seems at his best giving a non-political speech.

It's wasted on much of the press corps, however. Most of them aren't there. Many of them who follow a candidate around have to file several times a day. And if you give them precisely the same speech at each event, they run out of material to write about. The set speech has its advantages. The material is tested so you don't stir up any unexpected controversies, as was the case, for instance, with the $90-billion transfer speech. A set speech with no fresh news content is fine if you're running serenely ahead. But it's also completely defensive.

And so, when the day began with Reagan's poorest performance, at Williams Park, there was standing room only on the press bus. When it ended in Tampa with Reagan's finest effort of the day, the press bus was half-empty.

The next morning to Sun City, a retirement community,

The Ford camp, the press, and even many Reagan aides believe that a Ford victory in Florida is inevitable. Reagan has become the underdog, and a win of any size would be seen as an upset

for more Social Security, then to Tampa for a lunch—ham, yams, and limas—sponsored by the Hillsborough County Citizens for Reagan. More of the same. The Speech. Social Security. Electability. He talks about reforming the bureaucracy, about bringing in experts as he did in California, where 250 citizen volunteers devoted 117 days without pay, developing 1,800 recommendations for streamlining government, 1,600 of which were adopted. The result: he balanced the budget, wiped out a huge deficit, left his successor a surplus, and today California enjoys a triple-A Moody's bond rating.

During the question period he is again asked to comment on Ford, again refuses. Many in the audience are puzzled. "Why should he expect people to throw Ford out and put him in if he won't tell us what the differences are?" one woman asks. On the way out I ask another woman if she's going to vote for Reagan. She tells me she prefers Carter because he's cute.

Then to WFLA-TV, Tampa's NBC affiliate, for a press-conference taping. Detente? He approves of the concept. Should we break off SALT? No. (Why not, I wonder.) Should we withdraw from the UN? "We should not forsake that dream." (Did *Ronald Reagan* say that?)

Obviously, he wants to convince voters that his views are moderate. And that's understandable. But with a surging incumbent and a slipping lead, it's nearly past time to begin to crank up that offensive game.

"If we're going to go, we might as well go with a bang,"

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And finally, here's Scoop, for real this time, finally proving that he can win a major primary, and win it in a big crowd

says a Reagan aide. And meanwhile, on the last day of Reagan's penultimate swing through Florida, as he spoke to a crowd in a half-empty baseball park, Gerald Ford hit the state with a big bang indeed.

TAMPA, MARCH 3—"We've got the momentum," said Ford, motorcading down the condominium strip between Palm Beach and Miami, "and we're going to move and move and move." And move he did, swinging south and then north to Tampa, addressing 80,000 people in two days.

This was the new Ford, the President who suddenly understood the power of his office. As the columnists like to put it, Ford has discovered the value of the incumbency, and he is maximizing it.

"I'm not a part of the Washington establishment and I don't think that's a disadvantage," Ronald Reagan is fond of saying. Perhaps. As the think-piece writers like to tell us, the mood of the country is anti-Washington. But while nonmembership may not be a disadvantage, there are still certain advantages to membership, especially when you're presiding officer and thus in a position to hand out the goodies.

And Ford has been handing them out right and left. On his first swing he landed in Orlando and promised that city it would host an International Chamber of Commerce convention, easily worth a cool million. In Bay Pines he visited a veterans' hospital and promised to build a new one. Then he tapped Jerry Thomas, the popular conservative who was Republican gubernatorial candidate in 1974, for a cushy post at Treasury. And the rumor is that he has promised Miami a mass transit system.

On this second swing he outdoes himself. In Miami he brings a predominantly Cuban audience roaring to its feet at Dade County Auditorium by branding Fidel Castro, the man the Administration had been playing footsie with, "an international outlaw," with whom he swears he'll have nothing to do. He personally greets 1,161 Cubans who have just become citizens, and he promises Miami's Cuban community that he will speed up the process by which refugees become citizens.

Those new citizens don't vote. But their friends and relatives do. Before Ford's rather tardy renunciation of Castro, they were expected to vote 5 to 1 for Reagan, whose consistent hardline anti-Castro position had made Miami one of his strongest centers of support. Of the 118,000 Republicans registered in Dade County, 27,021—or 23 per cent—are Latin, mostly Cuban. Before Ford's new hard line, it was estimated that he'd have to pull a good 60 per cent of the non-Latin vote to carry Dade. But now, Reagan backers concede, he has made significant inroads into Reagan's Latin support.

And just to make sure that the Cubans got the message, Ford, upon returning to Washington, gives an interview to a Miami TV reporter, in which he solemnly says, "I don't use the word detente any more."

It was one of the crassest and most obviously political ploys of the decade. But it points up one of the problems in challenging an incumbent President. A challenger can attack a policy successfully, as Reagan has done with detente. But a President, if he decides that the policy is a political liability, as detente is among Cuban refugees, can simply label it inoperative.

Ford is making maximum use of the White House. A Florida campaign flyer reads, "Come Out and See Air Force One." The *Sarasota Herald-Tribune* bannered its Sunday edition during Ford's visit with the headline, "Sarasota: White House for a Day."

"Ronald Reagan brings a political campaign to town," says one veteran reporter. "Gerald Ford brings the White House."

"Ford was one of the first to be critical of CREEP and the way it blew up the Presidency," says a frustrated Reagan supporter, bitter over what he believes to be Ford's duplicity. "Now it's the same thing again, it's the White House instead of the man running for office."

Is it working? Although Florida's Republican State Executive Committee still believes Reagan to be running slightly ahead, a top Reagan aide told me on March 1 that if the election were held on that date, he thought Reagan would lose by one or two percentage points.

As it now stands, Ford is expected to make one more last-minute visit, and Reagan will put in five final campaign days. If Reagan goes on the offensive, many of his backers believe, he can still pull it off. And if he does, he will go to Illinois with the same sort of momentum that carried Ford into Florida.

Gerald Ford has laid it on the line. At the end of his last campaign swing, he said: "Florida is really the key. If we win and win very well in Florida, they [Reagan's supporters] ought to know they can't win."

That's undoubtedly true. But Reagan is now in precisely the position that Ford found himself in in New Hampshire. The Ford camp, the press, and even many Reagan aides believe that a Ford victory is inevitable. Reagan has become the underdog, and a win of any size would be seen as an upset.

"Florida's the whole ballgame," says one Ford staffer. And it very well may be the whole ballgame—for both candidates.

MIAMI, MARCH 5—The situation among the Democrats in Florida is totally unclear, the whole thing having been thrown completely out of whack by Henry Jackson's stunning upset win in Massachusetts, where in 1972 he had finished in eighth place, behind Wilbur Mills.

During my visit to Florida, things still seemed relatively predictable. Of the three candidates who have made full-scale campaign efforts there, the order of finish was ex-

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Wallace is seen by many as the ideal protest candidate, but most of his supporters know that he has no real chance at the White House

pected to be Wallace, Carter, and Jackson, the only real question being one of percentages.

Wallace, it was believed, would not equal his 1972 mark of 42 per cent. For one thing, his physical condition has persuaded many former supporters that he wouldn't be up to the demands of the Presidency. And unlike 1972, when busing was the subject of a ballot referendum, there is no single red-hot social issue in Florida of the sort that Wallace speaks to so eloquently.

Instead, this year, the issue among voters is unemployment, which has hit Florida with special severity. Wallace is seen by many as the ideal protest candidate, but most of his supporters know that he has no real chance at the White House, and on a gut issue like jobs, many of them are inclined this time around to vote for someone they feel actually has a chance of getting to Washington and putting programs into effect.

Jimmy Carter's support is seen as center-liberal, the latter a gift from the other liberal candidates, who decided not to campaign in Florida in hopes that Carter could take Wallace out, a move they now regret having made.

Floridians say that Carter's organization is the best of the three, made up primarily of McGovern-style volunteer youth squads, who have been knocking on doors since last year.

The Republicans now seem resigned to settling for Gerald Ford as the party's nominee. The Reagan candidacy is still alive, but with four straight wins under his belt, Ford is rolling

Florida newsmen also say that Carter shows surprising strength in the Wallace territory of north Florida, where he comes on as a good ole farm boy from Georgia. Carter's support is strange, however, shapeless and difficult to diagram. His position on the issues is still essentially unknown, and the assaults of the doctrinaire liberals are having an effect. Birch Bayh accuses him of "advocating Republican principles," and conservative Democrats in Florida seem to catch a whiff of radicalism in his proposals. In addition, the momentum from New Hampshire has been greatly dissipated by his disappointing showing in Massachusetts. Carter has also for the first time displayed a tendency to make mistakes, publicly implying that Scoop Jackson's win in Massachusetts came about as a result of a racist position on the busing issue, a charge that does not go down well in Florida.

And finally, here's Scoop, for real this time, finally proving that he can win a major primary, and win it in a big crowd. As a result there's a whole new view of Jackson's chances. A week ago the betting was that he'd finish right around 20 per cent, but now that estimate is being revised sharply upward, and Floridians are talking not only about his chances of beating Carter, but about edging Wallace himself.

The latter probably isn't a real possibility, but Jackson's support is solid and much more impressive than pre-Massachusetts analyses tended to indicate. For one thing, he is heir to the large Jewish vote on the southeast coast that went to Hubert Humphrey in 1972. Shapp will get a bit of it, but Florida's Jewish voters understand politics and don't believe in political waste. Jackson has a consistent record of concern for Israel, and the endorsement of Daniel Moynihan, a strong champion of the Israelis, will count for a good deal in Miami, just as it did for slightly different reasons in Boston.

Jackson's proposals have also been particularly appealing to Florida's massive retirement population, especially his call for national health insurance. His views on a strong national defense combined with his demonstrated distrust for detente are widely applauded among the Latins in Miami and Tampa. And, of course, alone among the three candidates, Jackson enjoys the organizational and financial backing of big labor.

There may indeed be an anti-Washington current running everywhere, including Florida. But there is also a strong desire for level-headed competence, a quality that many are suddenly discovering in Jackson after his performance in Massachusetts.

MIAMI, MARCH 10—Jackson's 24 per cent was respectable, at least four points better than the showing predicted for him before Massachusetts. But given that Massachusetts momentum, and given the overwhelming support of the Democratic establishment, Jackson's percentage, though adequate, was less than astounding.

What did astound, of course, was Carter's TKO of George Wallace, who now finds himself in the same boat as Ronald Reagan—if they can't win in Florida, say the commentators, they can't win the big ones anywhere.

Carter's victory over Wallace took many of us who claim to know something about national politics by surprise. In Washington, where politics is the only subject of conversation, Carter's candidacy was, until very recently, expected to evaporate by the end of March. The Democrats, according to the conventional Washington wisdom, were determined to flush the last traces of McGovernism from their party's system and to go this time round for an old-line liberal centrist—Humphrey probably, Jackson perhaps, Muskie just possibly. Carter, the argument ran, was an unknown quantity without the support of the traditional Democratic power groups; party regulars weren't about to take a chance on him. And on the other side, also lined up against Carter, were the Wallace supporters, viewed by most observers as unflinching in their loyalty, a rock-solid constituency.

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Carter's victory over Wallace took many of us who claim to know something about national politics by surprise

But all that, as a Nixonian would say, is now inoperative, and the political analysts are scurrying around attempting to find a frame of reference in which to place Carter, a candidate whom even the astute John Osborne has called "unclassifiable." And the Florida results do little to clear things up. Carter took a large share of the identifiable liberal vote, as expected. But he also scored respectably among conservatives. He did well with young voters, but also took an unpredicted share of the retiree vote. He cut into Jackson's relatively affluent Jewish constituency and also attracted a surprising number of Wallace blue-collar types, who were expected to defect to Jackson. Women supported him heavily, as did blacks. Carter's black vote stands at roughly 70 per cent—a total that, as one commentator put it, provides him with a "passport to liberal legitimacy."

That passport will now have to be validated in at least one Northern industrial state if Carter is to establish himself as a totally convincing candidate. The opportunity will come first in Illinois, where Mayor Daley is supporting Senator Adlai Stevenson III as a favorite son candidate. If Carter can run well against the Daley machine and the Stevenson name, then he will rate at least one unarguable classification—that of a winner.

As the Democratic leadership races to catch up with the voters, the Republicans now seem resigned to settling for Gerald Ford as the party's nominee. The Reagan candidacy is still alive, but with four straight wins under his belt, Ford is rolling. In Illinois, according to one top Reagan campaign official, former Reagan supporters are now defecting to Ford in droves. And if Ford wins big there, as it now seems he will, few Reagan supporters will have the heart to continue the campaign.

What happened? As pointed out above, Reagan was badly undercut by the power of the incumbency and Ford's sudden discovery of how that power could be used. He was also the victim of overconfidence. "They set themselves up," said one Ford staffer, referring to the predictions of landslides that were carelessly tossed around during the early days of the campaign, when Ford seemed most vulnerable. Because of those predictions, Ford was widely perceived as the underdog in New Hampshire and Florida, his first narrow win thus viewed as an upset, eclipsing the fact that Reagan's showings in both New Hampshire and Florida were, indeed, phenomenal political achievements.

The Reagan campaign strategy, examined in retrospect, was also seriously flawed. It is easy to criticize after the fact, of course. As someone once said, journalists analyzing political results are like people visiting the battlefield after it's all over, to shoot the wounded. Had that strategy led to the narrowest of wins in New Hampshire, its architect, John Sears, would now be acclaimed as a political genius.

But it didn't work. Reagan, by avoiding the tough infighting required to beat Ford, raised doubts about the depth of his desire for the Presidency. On the issues, he was disappointingly vague, fuzzing over the conservative image, thereby leaving real doubt in the minds of many grassroots Republicans as to why they should replace a President they perceived as essentially conservative with a man who seemed at times, surprisingly, even less conservative.

Reagan was as much a victim of his own strategy as he was of Ford's attacks on him. As one analyst put it, Reagan was trying to win the general election before he won the primary

In brief, the Sears strategy was based on the assumption that this time round the voters were ready for a campaign of personalities and images rather than a campaign of issues. Perhaps. The Carter phenomenon lends credence to that view. But even here the strategy seems questionable. There is no doubt that from a conservative point of view Reagan could have out-issued Ford. But could he really out-personality him? There is something a bit Ikeish about Ford's image, and that's a quality that regular Republicans have always liked.

So, in the end, Reagan was as much a victim of his own strategy as he was of Ford's attacks on him. As one analyst put it, Reagan was trying to win the general election before he won the primary.

With Ford steamrolling toward a first-ballot victory, the questions that will now be asked are questions about his electability. He has demonstrated unexpected political strengths during the first three important primary campaigns. He has also managed, despite formidable advantages, to capture the allegiance of only about half of the voting members of a minority party. As the Ford people liked to ask about Reagan, does he have sufficient support to win a national election? □

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POLITICS ANY LEAP YEAR

Can He Win It All?

ART KLEIN

BACK IN THE DAYS when it didn't matter if an American President could handle chopsticks, an article on Red China ran several times a year in every major magazine in the country. It was called either "Behind the Great Wall" or "Great Leap Forward Revisited." Occasionally, it was called something else, but it didn't matter. It was the same article: your basic, semimonthly feature on Red China.

Today, since you can observe Red China first-hand, the article isn't around anymore. But a new magazine feature has taken its place. It's called "Can He Win It All?" And the *he* is Scoop, Birch, Mo, Jimmy, Fred, Terry, Lloyd, Sargent, Whoever. It doesn't matter which candidate the article covers. Because editors simply insert that candidate's name and run the same piece anyway.

If you haven't had a chance to read that article, and you're concerned about being an informed voter, don't worry. It will appear frequently in the weeks and months ahead. On the other hand, if you'd rather do almost anything than slog through a candidate article, a concise summary is presented below.

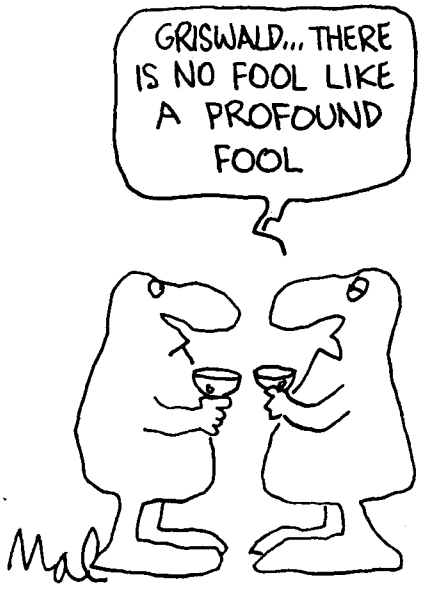
The article begins by dealing with the touchy question of voter recognition. Since only 5 per cent of potential voters recognize the candidate's name, the very existence of both the candidate and the article has to be justified. "Sure our recognition is low at the moment," the candidate tells the interviewer. "But no one knew McGovern at first either. And look what happened to him."

The article moves on quickly to more positive matters. First and foremost, we learn that the candidate is an indefatigable campaigner who has logged more miles and shaken more hands than any other candidate. We also learn that the article writer, ten years the candidate's junior, has had trouble keeping up with him. How does the candidate do it? By mastering such time-saving devices as using rest rooms only once a week, employing a stand-in at cocktail parties, and taking quick naps when asked difficult questions.

Then there's the candidate's family. He has an independent and spirited wife who doesn't always agree with him and isn't afraid to say so. In a jocular tone, he says that she is brighter than he and really should be the one running for President. After reading the article, most readers agree.

The children have reluctantly gathered for the interview. They're more mod-looking than their dad, and would just as soon he didn't run for President because their friends think it's silly. He feels his kids have probably smoked pot. And although he accepts this with equanimity, he refuses to raise their allowances high enough to enable them to buy an ounce at a time.

The reader is almost asleep at this point, so the article meanders down memory lane for an interview with the candidate's tenth-grade English teacher. The interview is neither interesting nor informative. But it is succinct. "He was average in everything except ambition," a still-spry retired teacher tells us.



Yet more human-interest anecdotes. From various friends of the candidate, we learn that he is less reserved than he seems to be and has the ability to laugh at himself. No one has ever seen this happen, though.

Placid on the surface, the candidate is reported to have occasional outbursts of irritability. An unnamed aide claims that when a reporter mistook the candidate for another unknown candidate, his candidate pinned the reporter to the ground and tried to make him eat a bumper sticker.

The candidate isn't handsome in a classic Hollywood sense, but he has rugged good looks and a youthful appearance that belies his age.

On to lesser issues. The candidate freely admits that he lacks experience for the Presidency, but feels that other candidates do too, and that a fresh approach to the office would be helpful.

He also believes America needs more decisive leadership. Feels busing isn't always the answer, although sometimes it is, and suggests you read his recent speech on the subject. Favors detente with the Russians while maintaining adequate military strength. Wants tax loopholes eliminated and welfare procedures overhauled. And is convinced that the current circumstance of high unemployment and high inflation isn't the whole answer. What is he for and how will he put his ideas into effect? Details on these programs are being worked out.

Does all this mean that the new Democratic candidates are basically the same? And that all we can do is check the brightness of their smiles, the whiteness of their lies, and the resonance of their intonements? Or does it mean we will wind up with Hubert again, whose teeth are questionable, whose smile never leaves—and whose chatter never stops leaving—his lips.

Maybe yes. On the other hand, maybe no.

All that's really certain is that the new Democratic candidates blur into a single cardboard image, that of an aging Jeb Magruder with integrity—and that their wives are vastly more interesting.

This could mean that we'll at least have more variety in our political reading someday. "Can She Win It All?" Just can't be as bad as what we have now. □

Mr. Klein is a marketing consultant for educational publishers and a freelance humorist.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The State of the Party

COLM BROGAN

AFTER A YEAR of "the monstrous regiment of women," the British Conservative Party is in pretty good shape. Margaret Thatcher has played her hand very coolly and is beyond all question the head person. By doing the right thing at the right time and by doing nothing at another right time she has quietly isolated Edward Heath.

Since his deposition from the leadership, Heath has become considerably more popular among the not politically minded. His speech on the Common Market at the Oxford Union was widely admired, and even in the Commons he gets a more respectful hearing from the socialists than he ever did as Leader. But, at the same time, his chance of regaining the leadership has vanished. His remaining support for a challenge could now be squeezed into a taxi.

How did it happen that his increasing public popularity was matched by vanishing support where it counts? "Temperament is fate," said Voltaire. The peculiarity of Heath's temperament is a conviction that anyone who disagrees with what he says can't have been listening properly and must surely come round if he says it all over again, perhaps a little more slowly. Since he performed a sharp U-turn on almost all his declared policies while in office, Tory MPs found it wearing on the intellectual nerves to agree that what was self-evidently true one year had become self-evidently untrue the year after. The consequences of this strain became obvious in the contest for the leadership.

The melting away of Heath's remaining support after the defeat might be explained by two things. Many of his supporters were relieved at no longer having to do mental gymnastics, at feeling free to think for themselves. The other reason was characteristically Tory. Tories put a high value on loyalty but also show a remarkable readiness to ditch a loser. The loser is then expected to fall in behind the new leader. This Heath huffily refused to do. When Margaret Thatcher won, she went to see Heath at home to ask him to join the team. He refused so abruptly that she had to spend some time talking to a friend of his in the hall to give the impression that there had been some serious discussion.

Mr. Brogan observes all in Britain, and reports back to us periodically.

Heath's failure to cooperate contrasted so badly with the party tradition and with the example set by Lord Home that most of the MPs determined to show him they could do very well without him. As he was even less popular among the party workers in the country, his chances for a comeback rapidly sank to nil. It may be a consolation that his book on sailing has sold an astonishing hundred thousand copies in hardcover, with another huge printing under way. Promotion of the book has taken him all over the country, and he has performed very frequently on radio and television. This must have done something for his pocket and his pride but—alas—nothing for his ambition.

HE MAKES occasional speeches abroad, implicitly critical of the Thatcher policy, and these get a fair amount of publicity; but as a contender for power at home he can safely be written off.

What of Mrs. Thatcher and her team? They have a difficult course to follow. The unemployment rate is the highest since the War, but all monetarists (including Mrs. Thatcher and her principal supporters) know very well that the unemployment is the result of inflation, and the inflation was the result of Heath policies. Not that Labor is guiltless. Far from it, but it is not very convincing to rise in the Commons and say, "I know the last Tory government made a mess of things, but you have made the mess worse." The public response is likely to be, "Look who's talking."

Mrs. Thatcher, Sir Keith Joseph, and other prominent Tories were no doubt very unhappy with Heath's financial nonsense when they served under him, but they *did* serve under him, which makes things rather awkward. When a dictator is overthrown, the new man is free to denounce him to the full extent of his feelings and his vocabulary, but that is not possible in a democracy. On the other hand, a deposed democratic leader is not shot. In that respect Heath is lucky, but not so lucky as Stalin, who was not denounced until after he was dead, and then he couldn't hear the unkind remarks.

Apart from their handicap in the point-scoring contest, the Tories have two really solid difficulties. There is a severe temptation to attack the government over unemployment, for in Labor's eyes a government that permits unemployment sins grievously against the Holy Ghost, the Ten Commandments, and the Spirit of Man under Socialism, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Denis Healey, is doing just that. But the Tories, or most of them, now admit that inflation cannot be fought without causing unemployment, and their real case against Healey is that he did not cut the grotesquely huge government expenditures. Cutting them would of course mean even more unemployment. It will have to be done if Britain is ever to escape from the present mess, but promising a large number of people that they will lose their jobs for the good of the country is not the best way of getting them to vote for you. It is fully understandable that the Tories couch their attack in safely general terms, but the result is more like a pillow fight than a war to the knife.

The second difficulty is armament. It is safe to say that a very large number of Labor MPs have a zeal for disarmament that is modified only by the fear of loss of civilian jobs. They would gladly see Britain's defenses so reduced that she would count for nothing in the world so long as trade unionists were not hurt. The Tories are rightly convinced that we should spend more, not less, on defense. This is said to be a highly unpopular view with the voters.

Nevertheless, Margaret Thatcher decided to bell the cat by making a speech emphasizing the danger of reposing childlike faith in Russia. This proved her most successful move to date. The

(Continues on page 346)

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LETTER FROM WINNIPEG

Canada's Trudeaumania

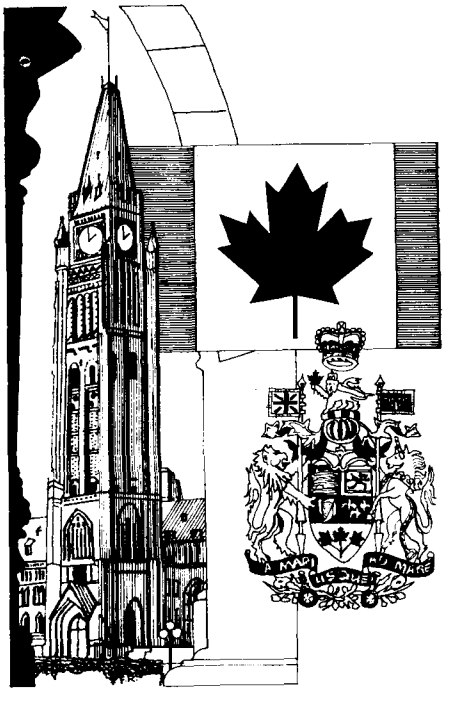
F. S. MANOR

LAST DECEMBER I was sitting in the NATO cafeteria in Brussels having coffee with a European diplomat. This man, one of the vanishing breed of highly cultured Europeans, mused upon the influence an individual often has on the fate of nations. Henry Kissinger, he remarked, shapes the foreign policy not only of the world's most powerful country but also of all Western Europe. "And you, of course, have Trudeau."

Yes, indeed, we have Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who, for the past eight years, has fashioned Canada's destiny. Although after all these years Mr. Trudeau's innermost political thoughts still remain an enigma, the results of his stewardship are here for all to see. Undoubtedly, the spade work was done by his predecessor in office, the late Lester B. Pearson, whose career bears out my own pet theory that successful foreign ministers make disastrous prime ministers. However, it was largely thanks to Mr. Trudeau that Canada's international role, diplomatic and military, was dismantled; that the close relationship with the United States was marred by a never-ending succession of needless irritations; that politically motivated labor unions were given a role in public affairs grossly disproportionate to their numbers; that vast sums of money have been spent on frills and misconceived social experiments, not to speak of the $1 billion being poured into the Olympic Games nobody outside Montreal really wants.

Canada, a country bursting with natural resources and native talent, has become virtually bankrupt, while its society, which ten short years ago approximated the dynamic society of the United States—without the endemic violence and racial strife—today is riven with dissent, class hatreds, and social envy. It is now a society that is losing its faith in the future of its way of life. People are spending as if money were going out of fashion because they know that money *is* going out of fashion.

I do not know whether I fully subscribe to the man-on-a-white-horse theory of my diplomatic friend. However, the career of Mr. Trudeau merits some attention. A brilliant young man, son of a wealthy father, he became involved in Quebec politics and strongly opposed Canada's participation in the Second World War. In 1968, he told a Toronto audience that he had, like most Quebecers, "been taught to keep away from imperialist wars."



Pace A. J. P. Taylor, it is an established historical fact that the Second World War was one of the few conflicts that, from the standpoint of democracies, was an eminently just war. It was fought to abate a monstrous tyranny about to impose a repugnant, evil doctrine upon a subjugated world. That a young man of Mr. Trudeau's undoubted intellect failed to grasp this self-evident truth would indicate a blind spot in his mental, or political, makeup.

In the 1960s, Mr. Trudeau was closely associated with Jean Marchand, a Quebec nationalist labor leader, and Gérard Pelletier, a Quebec newspaper man. In 1965 the three joined the Liberal Party and in 1968 became the leading triumvirate in the new government.

Almost the first major step Mr. Trudeau undertook upon assuming office was to cut Canada's participation in NATO, of which Canada was a founder-member and Mr. Pearson a leading light. The new government's defense policy was to be enunciated on March 1, 1969, in Calgary, Canada's oil capital, by the then external affairs minister, Mitchell Sharp. The speech was carefully drafted by an official who was aware of Mr. Trudeau's anti-NATO sentiments. However, Mr. Sharp transformed the draft into a ringing declaration of the new government's abiding faith in the NATO alliance, the cornerstone of Canada's foreign and defense policies.

FIVE WEEKS later Mr. Trudeau traveled to Calgary, the Mount Sinai of Canadian political mythology. Speaking on April 12, 1969, from the same platform, the Prime Minister ruthlessly smashed Mr. Sharp's tablets. NATO was reduced in rank to the penultimate priority in Canada's defense policies—one notch above the fourth and last priority, UN peace-keeping.

On May 28, 1969, Léo Cadieux, who was then Canada's defense minister, told the NATO ministers' meeting in Brussels that for all practical purposes Canada was withdrawing her prime military contribution to NATO. Mr. Cadieux was almost in tears as he faced the world press in Brussels to explain his government's decision. Later, he remarked to a small group of Canadian newsmen that this was his birthday, and he had known happier birthdays.

I have dwelt on this episode at some length to emphasize the Prime Minister's dominant role in the cabinet. Two of his top ministers, one from Toronto, one from Quebec, opposed his defense policy—and it should be remembered that Canada is both a federal state and a parliamentary democracy where cabinet ministers represent important political fiefs. Yet Mr. Trudeau's will prevailed.

In May 1971, Mr. Trudeau visited Moscow, where he noted that an im-

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portant factor in his approach to the Soviet Union was his concern about "the overpowering presence" of the United States in North America and its effect on Canadian life "from a cultural, economic, and perhaps even military point of view."

TWO YEARS later, Mr. Trudeau went to Peking—his second visit to China (his first trip, in 1960, was the subject of his 1961 book, *Two Innocents in Red China*). The *Toronto Globe and Mail* reported from Peking that Prime Minister Trudeau spoke of the achievements of Chinese Communism with an admiration that was rare for a Western leader.

"The worldwide excitement created by Chairman Mao and by you, Mr. Premier [the late Chou En-lai]," Mr. Trudeau said in his speech at the official banquet, "is found in your willingness to face these challenges [of improving the human condition], and in your genius in organizing the Chinese people to face them with you. The social experiment which you are conducting in this country has already demonstrated its success. Its interest to Canadians is found in the fact that it emphasizes in many respects—though by no means in all—goals identical to those held by us."

In 1974, Ivan Head, Mr. Trudeau's special foreign affairs advisor, announced that the Prime Minister was determined to give Canada a new activist role on the left wing of international affairs. Mr. Trudeau was said to be greatly impressed with Olof Palme's outspoken left-wing approach to international problems: the Swedes, with their denunciation of the Vietnam War and the military revolt in Chile, have become "the cutting edge of the Left—very active, outspoken, and moral. Canada," Mr. Head continued, "can be expected to take a similar, though not necessarily identical, approach to such problems in the future."

Then came Mr. Trudeau's end-of-the-year (December 28, 1975) television broadcast, which truly fluttered Canada's political dovecote.

Mr. Trudeau explained that the new government controls to restrain inflation were meant to tell Canadians, "We haven't been able to make it work, the free market system. We've ended with very high unemployment and very high inflation. We can't go back to what was before with the same habits, the same behavior, and the same institutions."

Mr. Trudeau added: "We can't destroy the unions and we can't destroy the multinationals. We can control them, but who can control them? The government. That means the government is going to take a larger role in running institutions, as we are doing now with our anti-inflation controls."

The new society Mr. Trudeau would foist upon Canada is to be based partly on the theories of Professor John Kenneth Galbraith: "There is no doubt that his thinking has permeated my thought," the Prime Minister told his TV audience. And who, out of the 22 million Canadians, is to be consulted about the form this society is to take? The unions, of course.

"What kind of society do you want to build?" the Prime Minister asked the unions in his broadcast. "Do you want to build a society, for instance, where labor would have, say, 60 per cent of GNP, and business profits 12 and farmers 4? You know, is this what you are looking for, and if so, let's sit down and bargain."

By their own admission, the unions account for less than 10 per cent of Canada's population, yet this 10 per cent minority is to assist the Prime Minister in the restructuring of Canadian society. This is an appalling prospect, especially in view of the unions' outspokenly left-wing leadership.

THE SHOCK waves of the year-end address had not died down when Mr. Trudeau embarked on his memorable journey to Havana, a journey that can truly be considered the consummation of this pilgrim's progress. The Prime Minister's "Vivas!" and the excuses he made for Fidel Castro's massive intervention in the Angolan civil war have received wide coverage in the world press. Later, Mr. Trudeau and his *éminence grise*, Ivan Head, tried to repair some of the damage, but despite the disclaimers it is obvious that the warm spot in the Prime Minister's heart for Castro's Cuba is still aglow.

On February 3, Robert Stanfield, the leader of the opposition Conservative Party, rose in the House of Commons to observe that, by visiting Cuba at the time of Castro's military adventures in Angola, Mr. Trudeau ran the risk of creating an impression, both in Canada and abroad, that Canada regards the Cuban intervention either as tolerable or as a development not to be taken very seriously.

Stanfield received a strange reply. Had he excluded Cuba from an itinerary that included Mexico and Venezuela, Mr. Trudeau answered, this would have been considered by Dr. Castro as a "definite slight."

The anxiety not to offend Dr. Castro manifested itself again a week later, when, on February 9, the Trudeau government insisted that any direct reference to Cuba be removed from a parliamentary motion condemning foreign intervention in the Angolan civil war.

This attitude was best summed up by the Ottawa editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, who wrote: "Butchery in Angola is to be deplored but not to the extent of risking a diplomatic slight which might lead (perish the thought) to a cooling of relations with our friendly neighborhood butcher."

Mr. Trudeau has often been pragmatic, unpredictably so. In 1970 he acted with a commendable decisiveness to crush political violence in Quebec, calling out the army and promulgating wartime emergency regulations. Ever since, Canada has been spared the political violence that has plagued so many other Western countries.

Nothing has come of Mr. Head's vaticinations about new left-wing trends in Canadian foreign policies. On the contrary, last December Canada executed a complete about-face in NATO, pouring half a billion dollars into the re-equipment of Canadian forces. Despite Mr. Trudeau's earlier statement that to identify Soviet submarines on station in the North Atlantic would destabilize the superpowers' mutual deterrent, the Canadian government has contracted to buy new Lockheed anti-submarine aircraft (if Lockheed can deliver, in view of its present difficulties), and Canada is right back in the anti-submarine patrolling business.

The puzzling contradictions thus remain but they have not affected Mr. Trudeau's unflinching resolve to change Canadian society, to redistribute income, "to see a different society emerging." Such desires, however vaguely perceived, cannot but strengthen the divisive forces that, with perhaps more clearly defined aims, are rending Canadian society asunder.

There is Canada's socialist party—the New Democratic Party, as it calls itself—which wishes to remake Canada

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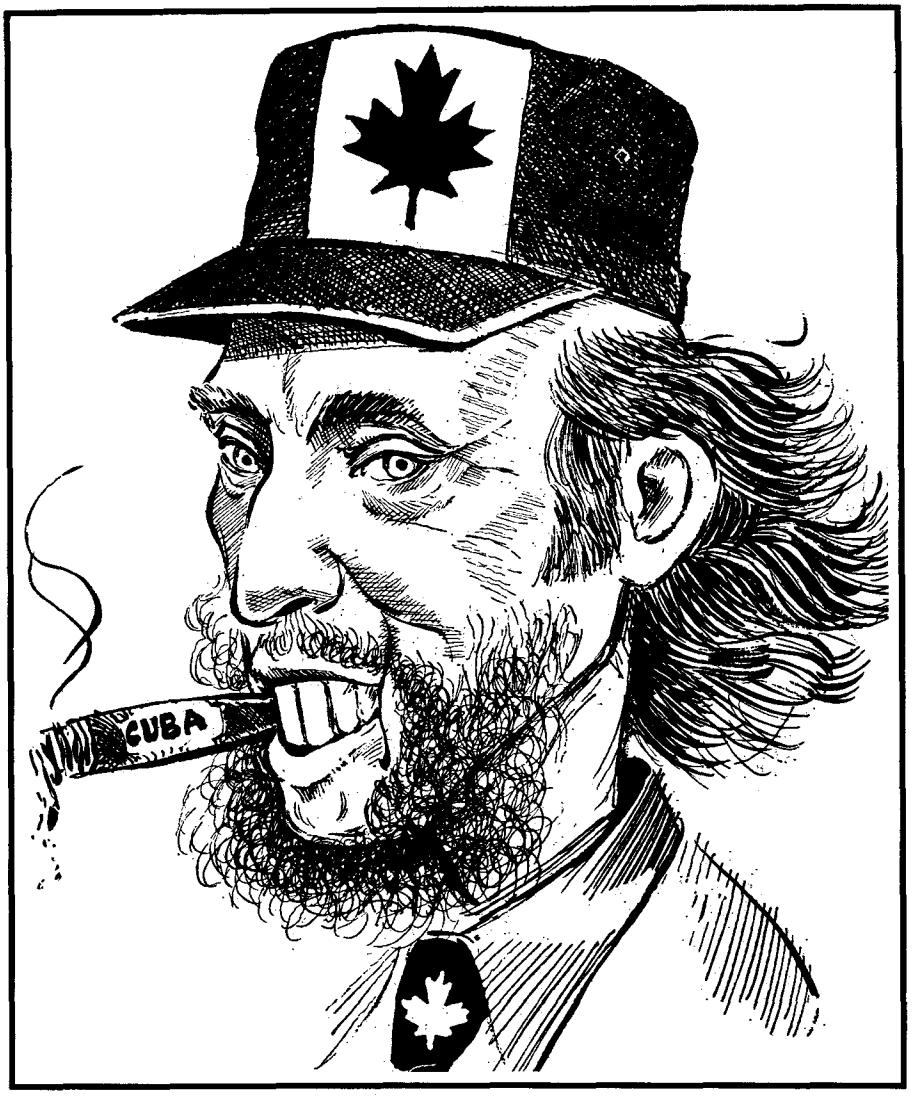

Kuch, Canada — Winnipeg Free Press

at least in the image of Sweden; although some of its leaders are social democrats in name only, and would be more at home at the court of Marshal Tito, or in Castro's Cuba, than in the company of, say, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. At the Party's national leadership convention held in Winnipeg in July 1975, a far-Left candidate, Miss Rosemary Brown, was defeated by only a narrow margin. Miss Brown, who comes from Jamaica, may yet play a prominent role in Canadian national politics.

In two provinces, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the socialist governments have nationalized auto insurance (at a terrifying cost to the taxpayer) and poured millions into various state-owned, and mostly futile, industrial schemes. At present, Saskatchewan is about to nationalize the entire potash industry, at a cost to the provincial taxpayer of $1 billion. (A Canadian provincial government has similar, although not identical, powers to those of a state government in the United States.)

Last December the socialist government of British Columbia was voted out of office, but only because all three non-socialist parties combined under a new leader. Such conditions do not obtain anywhere else, and particularly not on the federal scene. The socialists thus have numerous opportunities to ride to power on a minority vote, scattering to the winds the split ranks of free-enterprise forces.

As already mentioned, many Canadian labor unions have a left-wing leadership, and whereas in the United States labor may demand a larger slice of the nation's cake—we want "more," in that famous quotation of Samuel Gompers—in Canada strikes have become a feature of the class war. The unions' aim is to wreck the nation's economy—to prove that (when successfully sabotaged) the free market system does not work—and then build on its ruins the Utopia that never comes. By extended strikes a 10 per cent minority has stopped vital exports, closed down essential services, and, by its excessive wage demands (far above those negotiated by United States unions), priced Canadian goods out of foreign markets. For the first time in years Canada has a foreign trade deficit (even a year ago she had a hefty surplus).

The politicization of the labor movement is among the greatest disasters to befall Canada. It has been aided and abetted by the media: reporters and junior editors are largely the products of schools where teachers preach left-wing ideas combined with a Canadian nationalism whose principal manifestation is a mindless hostility to everything American.

THE PROSPECTS are not happy. A Quebec secession cannot be ruled out, an event that could seriously upset the balance of forces on this continent, with the Gulf of St. Lawrence offering much muddy water to the Kremlin fishermen. It used to be said that if there were any danger of a Soviet presence in an independent Quebec, the St. Lawrence would disappear under the clouds of dust raised by U.S. Marines. This, however, was before investigative journalism. Today the *Washington Post* would not stand for it.

But there is also the danger of politico-social unrest in English-speaking Canada, particularly if the government fails to halt inflation and rising unemployment. The steady boring into the foundations of Canadian society by elements basically hostile, or at least indifferent, to Western ideals has already affected the mood of the younger generation, while from the top, from leaders elected by Canadians to hold in trust the nation's heritage, come vague utterances about a new society, "concern about the overpowering presence of the United States" on the other side of the world's longest undefended border—a stale cliché this, yet nonetheless a remarkable phenomenon in this harsh world—and a drive toward goals proclaimed by Canada's prime minister to be identical to those of Mao's China.

Most Canadians still remain wedded to goals that are identical to those of the United States. But they are being driven, against their will, toward strange horizons and a way of life few can envisage. It is a somber thought. □

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SOUTH VIETNAM

The Vinh Son Incident

BANG PHI NGUYEN

FOR A FEW DAYS last month, South Vietnam returned to the headlines. The country's new rulers reported that on the night of February 13, an unarmed security officer approached the Vinh Son Catholic Church in Saigon and was killed by shots fired from inside. Government troops encircled the church, the report continued, and, after a siege of 15 hours, managed to quell the uprising, capturing five of the rebels and killing the other two.

The incident deserves attention not because it was significant in itself, but because of the fanfare given it by the South Vietnamese Communists. They didn't, for example, hold a press conference or conduct a press tour when there were clashes in the Mekong Delta provinces, home of the anti-Communist Cao Dai and Hao Hoa religious sects, or when the students of the Saigon School of Medicine demonstrated to protest the school's transfer to Hanoi. These and other incidents became known to overseas Vietnamese through private sources —letters smuggled out of Vietnam or reports from refugees who escaped by sea to Thailand.

The skirmish at the Catholic church was treated very differently. The day after it happened Radio Hanoi broadcast a full report (which had the Communist troops imploring the rebels to surrender and being answered by rebel machine-gun fire, grenades, and shouts of "Down with the Communists"). The Saigon National Liberation Front and the Saigon People's Revolutionary Committee issued a statement implicating the "American Central Intelligence Agency" in the plot "to sabotage the security of our people and our country." Newsmen were taken to the site and shown printing equipment, plates for counterfeit currency, and an American-made radio transmitter with a news script right beside it.

Given the militant anti-Communism of certain elements in the South Vietnamese Catholic Church, the rebellion probably came as no surprise to most outsiders. Many people recall that a large portion of South Vietnam's Catholic population consists of refugees from North Vietnam. A Catholic uprising of some sort was to be expected at some time. Nonetheless, longtime observers of South Vietnam doubt the authenticity of the incident; they think it may have been a government provocation.

While no one denies that under certain circumstances—e.g., if the repressive measures of the Communists become intolerable—militant elements in the Catholic population would rebel, present circumstances make a rebellion unlikely. The Communist victory last April continues to have a stunning psychological impact on the South Vietnamese, Catholic as well as Buddhist.

And the Communists, for their part, have been prudent, carefully avoiding actions that might upset Saigon's fragile economy. Although they have taken several measures to tighten state control over the Catholic Church, so far the measures are more nuisances than serious curbs on religious freedom. (The government, for example, wants to restrict the celebration of Mass to Sundays, but daily Masses are still celebrated with large attendance.) The day after the Vinh Son incident, Saigon's Archbishop Nguyen Van Binh issued a statement saying that the Catholic Church could not directly or indirectly sponsor, encourage, or condone any organization that in the name of religion opposed the government. After devoting years to establishing a working relationship with the Communists, the Church would be unlikely to jeopardize its position by backing a revolt as futile as Vinh Son.

Nor do knowledgeable observers believe the incident was the work of an isolated group whose leader happened to be a Catholic priest. They ask why, for instance, the rebellion occurred in a church located so near to military and police installations—in a little-known church at that, and in an area where there are only a few Catholics.

But Vinh Son does make sense if it was engineered by the Communists, a minor Reichstag fire. Foreign newsmen could be taken to the isolated church without fear of interference from the populace. Vietnamese familiar with Communist police tactics suspect that the slain security officer might well have been a former secret policeman of the Thieu regime employed by the Communists. It's probable, they say, that the bullet that killed him and began the incident came from his new colleagues. Employees of the old regime come in handy for such purposes.

As for South Vietnam's Catholics, they can only take the incident as a warning. For years, many Catholics maintained it was possible for Catholicism and Vietnamese Communism to coexist, a belief that required them to overlook the treatment of the Catholic Church by the Communist Vietminh when they came to power in North Vietnam. Shortly before the fall of Saigon, Archbishop Nguyen Van Binh came out against any mass exodus of Catholics. The Vinh Son incident could shatter all hopes about the possibility of coexistence between the Catholic Church and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.

THE INCIDENT makes sense for non-ideological reasons too. First, a regime whose rationale is hatred always needs an enemy, real or imagined, to divert attention from the measures it has taken to consolidate power. Second, in contrast to their brothers in the North, the South Vietnamese are easygoing, casual toward work. They expected that with the end of hostilities, the nation's fertile land and bountiful agricultural resources would soon end the hardship of war as well. They have been disappointed. Instead, the economy, especially in the cities, has been declining steadily. Observers point out that the official Communist statement about the Vinh Son incident accused the rebels of the cardinal sin against Communism, "undermining the economy and life of the people." The Communist hunt for a scapegoat seems to have ended, and a new and bleaker era for Catholics in South Vietnam has begun. □

Mr. Bang Phi Nguyen is Executive Director of the American-Vietnamese Society. Before fleeing Vietnam last April, he worked as an editor and public relations man for a number of American companies in Saigon.

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THE MULTINATIONALS

A Warped Catholic View

COLIN CLARK

IT WOULD NOT BE true to say that there are no faults to be found in international, multinational, or (as it is now fashionable to call them) transnational corporations. Sometimes they become strong enough to block legitimate competition, or to intervene in politics. International shipping cartels sometimes reach corrupt agreements with seamen's unions and shore authorities to suppress competition, fly the flags of Liberia or Panama, and move their headquarters around from Britain to Norway to Greece, etc., to avoid governmental supervision. Or we have strategies such as that once outlined to me by a high executive at General Motors; namely, that GM expected to earn the highest profits, not by manufacturing cars the most economically, but by spreading its activities through as many countries as possible, and then forming political alliances with the local manufacturers to demand maximum tariffs.

Against this, however, it is clear that the multinational corporations often confer abundant benefits on the countries in which they establish subsidiaries, by greatly raising standards of business management, and also by paying high wages. (I write primarily from experience in Australia; these propositions appear to be even more true in less developed countries.) Australian labor union leaders have developed a particular antipathy to U.S.-based international corporations on the curious grounds that these corporations will not go through the customary rigmarole of bargaining, but will just tell the personnel manager to "pay them what they want and get on with the job," thereby reducing the role of labor unions. And the intervention of international corporations in politics may sometimes be considered as no more than a legitimate attempt to protect their assets from unjust expropriation.

In general, the activities of multinational corporations have been economically beneficial to the rest of the world as well as to themselves; it is in the political sphere that their activities may be subject to question.

Some aspects of multinational corporations were criticized by Pope Paul in *Populorum Progressio* (1967), though not so trenchantly, tersely, and to the point as by Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno* (1931). After criticizing excesses of political and economic nationalism, Pius XI went on to say that we must beware of "an equally detestable internationalism, whose motto is *ubi pecunia ibi patria*" (where my money is, that is the country to which I owe allegiance).

BUT WHEN a bishop of the Catholic Church, apparently claiming to speak in the name of the Catholic community, publishes a document full of incorrect and misleading statements, blaming multinational corporations for nearly all the economic ills of the developing countries, the effect is likely to be counterproductive, quite apart from having offended against the virtues of truth and justice.

Bishop John J. Dougherty opened his preface, as he did his introduction to a paper* at the United States Catholic Conference a while back, by quoting Pope Paul:

"A system has been constructed which considers profit as the key motive for economic progress, competition as the supreme law of economics, and private ownership of the means of production as an absolute right that has no limits and carries no corresponding social obligations." He then went on to complain of objections to this passage in the *Wall Street Journal.*

It is true that Bishop Dougherty was quoting from the official English translation of *Populorum Progressio.* But the Pope did not say that "a system has been constructed." It was left to the *Wall Street Journal* (it so happened that its editor was an accomplished classical scholar) to point out that there was a grave mistranslation, just at the point where it would do the maximum amount of harm. The Pope's words were "*opiniones irrepserunt,*" meaning no more than that some people held such ideas (the curious word *irrepserunt* means literally that these ideas had "crept into" discussion)—entirely different from "a system has been constructed."

The Jesuit journal *America* joined the controversy to say that the Pope meant "system" but had to write *opiniones* because there was no Latin word for "system" (the concept of "a system" being "constructed" presumably having come in by implication). The writers in *America* betrayed their ignorance of Latin, besides their other faults. The word *systema* is itself a Latin word, and the Pope would have used it if he had wished to.

The mistranslation was so glaring that one fears it was deliberate.

It may also be mentioned at this point that there was another serious mistranslation in the official English version of *Populorum Progressio.* This occurred in the passage that purports to describe a situation in which "population outruns resources." The word "resources" may mean many different things to different people, but apart from its technical use in economics (in which labor itself is the principal resource), to most people it means natural resources of minerals, etc. However, the Latin word was *opes,* which has a very different meaning, including all forms of produced wealth, as well as natural resources.

Bishop Dougherty's pamphlet deals with conditions in the United States, as well as abroad. Some of the statements are manifestly absurd, such as one (attributed to the American Catholic Bishops' Conference) that there was a possibility of conglomerates "taking over virtually all farming in the United States." The pamphlet complains about "continuing inequality in the distribution of income in the U.S." This conclusion is indeed indicated when we take into account the greatly

(Continues on page 346)

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**Development-Dependency: The Role of Multinational Corporations,* Department of Social Development and World Peace, United States Catholic Conference (August 1974). Introduced by Bishop John J. Dougherty.

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The End of 'Fascism'

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE FIRST IMPRESSION of the traveler arriving in Portugal is that he is in a madhouse. Walls are covered with slogans, posters, and technicolor graffiti—a shattering change for Portugal, until recently barely touched by the storms of our restless age.

In 1974 Antonio de Spínola propelled Portugal into a new era. The military, in power since 1926, continues in power, but it has changed much and is changing still. In its latest phase, a reaction to the abortive far-left coup of November 25, 1975, it has started moving toward the moderate Right. The workers at some moribund enterprises have begged the original owners—whom they had kicked out—to resume control, and some "socialized" farms have been retrieved. Old-line career officers (often called "technocrats") are slowly getting the upper hand.

What happened in 1974-75 was that people who had had no political life for fifty years suddenly found a new source of excitement in politics, in the passionate support of specific parties and positions. Politics, they discovered, is fun. Meetings, demonstrations, riots, secret sessions now gave spice to a humdrum life in which soccer and the *corridas* had provided the only excitement. (In the Portuguese bullfight, the "victim" is never killed, and at the end of the performance, bull, horses, and riders peacefully leave the arena. No wonder that in this country so very few people, not more than a dozen, have been killed in the last two years' upheavals.)

What tangible blessings have the Portuguese derived from the elimination of "fascism"? (There never was real fascism here, incidentally; it was a dictatorship without an ideology.) Portugal lost its overseas possessions, of which Angola was the most valuable, to the Communists; it is facing separatist movements in Madeira and the Azores; it has to house and feed nearly half a million refugees, at least temporarily. It has lost thousands upon thousands of professional men and women to Brazil—doctors, lawyers, administrators, engineers, pharmacists, agricultural experts—all of them very badly needed at home. Portugal's economy is collapsing: her currency reserves abroad have had to be sold and her inflated *escudo* devalued. Portuguese workers abroad are reluctant to send their savings home, and foreign business refuses to invest in a country with such an uncertain future. There is more crime, waves of strikes. Tourism has fallen off drastically. The "agrarian reform" ended in riots and in the farmers' armed resistance to illegal seizures. Innumerable enterprises, forbidden to dismiss a single employee, have gone bankrupt. There are now many more political prisoners than there were under the old regime, and there is also, as a result of the flight from the overseas provinces, a budding race problem.

While the real power remains, as before, in the hands of the army, the parties have become a political factor. The Communists are the best organized, with their disciplined network formed underground during the Salazar years. In the last election they won the support of 12 per cent of the voters. To the left of the Communists are radical splinter groups like the Maoist MRPP and the anarchist PRP, both of which reject the orthodox Party as "socialist fascist." But the bulk of the power on the Left rests with the Socialists. They are not social democrats in the German or British mold. Their leader, Mario Soares, has created the impression that he represents a moderate "democratic socialism" and has managed to get substantial financial aid from brother socialist parties all over Europe. Only the Democratic Party of Portugal (the PPD) bears any resemblance to the German Social Democrats. Its members tend to believe more in democracy than in socialism.

The CDS, which is center or even slightly to the right, has in a way replaced the suppressed Christian Democratic Party; it addresses itself to the CDP's orphaned supporters. Its strength lies mainly in the North. There are also two small monarchist parties. But the genuine Right is lying low because of its identification with the old dictatorship, which *was* unpopular (although it is remembered more fondly now that the Portuguese have become aware of some of the alternatives to it). Talk about a mythical rightist Army of Portuguese Liberation (ELP) persists, though no one knows where it is being organized or trained. In Spain? Not likely. If a coup is attempted by the Right—which is not impossible—it can come only from the army. A leftist putsch, backed by the Communist-infiltrated navy, is not impossible either.

The question many Portuguese are now asking themselves is, Will the Communists (with or without the Maoists and anarchists) accept an unfavorable verdict at the polls on April 25? The PPD and CDS might emerge as the big winners, ending the danger of a popular front government. Will the Communists strike before the elections, or will they wait for the ideal moment —which might come with the total bankruptcy of the country?

IF THE Communists do strike, they couldn't hope for a knockout blow. It would mean all-out civil war. The Right and Center have most of their strength in the North, the Left in the South. But only a third of the Portuguese live in the South, and only one small region there is industrialized. The other southern regions are underdeveloped, peopled by an agrarian proletariat. In the North, however, there are tough peasants who violently resent change, and who are still dedicated to their faith. Not so long ago they threatened to starve out Lisbon unless the agrarian reforms were called off.

Portugal is sad today. The plight of the refugees is heartrending: some have camped out at the airport, others have been billeted in the simpler hotels and can be seen wandering aimlessly around Lisbon. Others have been taken in by distant relatives, many of whom are themselves impoverished. Those responsible for all this misery and insecurity are not only the fools like Spínola but the progressives throughout the Western world. This is their revolution. This is the elimination of "fascism." This is a madhouse. □

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GERHART NIEMEYER

Of Human Dignity

THE LATE Richard Weaver coined the phrase "god-words," meaning such clichés as the Marxists' *Revolution*, the liberals' *progress*, the leftists' *liberation*, everybody's *dialogue*, words having the power to strike modern minds with awe. I submit that a comparable power to numb critical faculties is possessed by what we might call "goodness-words," and I have identified two specimens. First, the term *compassion*, used to prove that public programs are better than private charities. Second, *the dignity of man*, a slogan written, in invisible letters, over the sterile corridors of the monstrous HEW bureaucracy; it oozes from the pens of modern penologists.

Goodness-words, which have taken over from yesterday's virtue and patriotism, spread an irresistible sugarcoating over ugly bureaucratic realities and give a phony justification to the liberal's tyranny. Yet, in the mouth of the liberal the phrase is sheer counterfeit. What dignity can there be in beings whom he believes to originate from a chance combination of chemicals, whom he calls products of circumstances, whose immoral decisions he attributes to "sickness" or "social environment"? It is not that he sees man's life as miserable—which in truth it is—but that he reduces man to a contemptible, puny creature unable to cope without continuous governmental and educational manipulation.

Man is dignified inasmuch as he has been given reason and the power to distinguish right from wrong. The inventor of the great game of baseball had a sense of that dignity: he wrote into the rules that not only hits and runs but also errors should be recorded. St. Augustine wrote: "When a vitiated nature is punished, besides the good that it has in being a nature, it has this also, that it is not unpunished." Animals, lacking both moral knowledge and freedom of judgment, are not punishable. Punishment implies a recognition of man's dignity and was thus accepted, with a certain amount of self-respect, by one of the thieves crucified with Christ. The felon who falls into the hands of a "modern" judge, however, is too often subjected to manipulative treatment, medical or penological, that is supposed to make of him something he has willed not to be. He is cheated out of his punishment and becomes the object of remedial procedures from which he is expected to emerge a better product. C. S. Lewis pointed to the respect that even almighty God shows to humans: "In the end there will be two kinds of people, those who say to God, 'Thy will be done,' and those to whom God says, in the end, 'thy will be done.'" Not thus speaks the liberal, who in modern penology insists that, whatever the will of the man at the bar, his, the liberal's, will must prevail over it.

Consensual Slavery

In the name of the dignity of man, the death penalty has been either judicially invalidated or not enforced, so that it may well be declared, one of these days, a "cruel and unusual punishment." Leaving aside the death penalty, which is in a class by itself, there is a general aversion to any physical kind of authoritative force; this aversion passes as the latest in enlightened humanitarianism. In Finland, at one time, a thief lost one hand on the first offense and the other on the second. It is readily understandable why thefts were rare when this risk was attached to them.

Compare, to this stark example, a modern method of legislative compulsion. A pending bill seeks to impose on all the states Washington's desire that cars be permitted to make right turns on red lights. Constitutionally, the regulation of traffic is a power belonging to the states. Under the pending bill, that power would be taken away from them by the simple expedient of withholding all federal aid from noncomplying states.

Now, the withholding of basic necessities—such as, in the case of states, their share of the monies federal taxation has taken from their citizens—is not simply compulsion but compulsion destructive of dignity. Its weapon is the victim's need: it puts him in a position where he *must* consent to his own enslavement. It belongs in the category of power exemplified by sexual bondage. The Finnish practice of cutting off hands for thievery is admittedly very harsh. Yet, it is not cruel: it leaves even a thief's dignity intact. Compulsion by the withholding of necessities is not harsh, but it amounts to spiritual cruelty, in that it inflicts on people the erosion of their self-respect.

Bureaucratic "Charity"

A contempt for man, clothing itself in the phrase "human dignity," runs through all liberal public programs. Charity is man's noblest virtue as well as the ground of his highest hope. Charity, almost by definition, is personal. The good Samaritan found a wounded Jew, member of a hostile nation, but human soul reached out to human soul as one man allowed himself to become wholly absorbed in another's need. Charity has now been taken over by bureaucracies. Social workers make charity an official duty, dispensing huge sums of tax money to whomsoever they classify as a client. Help is given on bureaucratic conditions, under bureaucratic regulations, with other people's money. The resulting degradation, the lying and cheating, the petty bureaucratic tyranny, the loss of self-reliance—all this amounts to modern society's worst cancer. Bureaucratic "charity" has become as untouchable as mother's love.

The trend issues from the error of assuming that man's dignity consists in certain self-created conditions. In truth, the sole ground for speaking of the dignity of man is the faith that man has been created in the image of God, that God gave him a mind capable of making moral distinctions and of freely responding to His love. To use Eric Voegelin's words, "the insight that man in his mere humanity is demonic nothingness" has been conclusively confirmed by our contemporary experience of both totalitarianism and liberal mandarinism. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Slums for the Insane—II

"Peter. Peter? Please take that chair."

I do a big number: it's called Sitting Down. Chair? So that's a chair. Don't believe I've seen one before, how does it work? Peter has presented one buttock, then another. There's a spot on the seat. Might be dangerous, scrape it off. Notice that one bootsole is dog-eared; hike up the 44-inch waist on my secondhand pants. Sit. Ah, sitting. Why didn't someone tell me about chairs before? Chairs good. I'm in a mood to ham it up: we've had two or three Heinekens since the last shabby hotel. John, Mr. Hall, my ersatz brother-in-law, thinks Peter is padding his part just a bit. Yet by this time he must know, as I certainly do, that my disguise is impenetrable. Greed affects the cognitive faculty. Anyhow, so what if I'm a fraud? As long as the Social Security folk are taken in, I'm worth lots of money. The spastic wrist comes up, misses my mouth by an inch, aims again. Too late: tobacco juice has brimmed over my lower lip and down.

"Tell me, Mr. Hall—can Peter watch television?"

"Oh, yes." Important: remember it. TV is babysitter and therapist for these mentally unfit. Let the Nielsen ratings take that into consideration.

"The bandage on his head. He fell down, didn't he?"

"No. Some kids hit him with an ice ball."

"What's your name?"

"Tell the lady your name."

"P--rrr!"

"See."

"Mr. Hall, let's be frank." John is uneasy. Have we been found out?

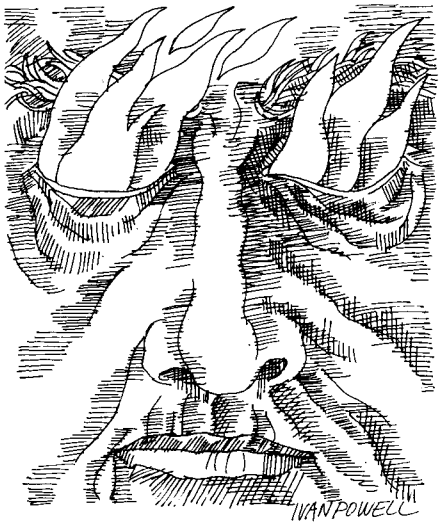
"Yes?"

"He's too far gone for us. He needs a full-time nurse."

John, Mr. Hall, looks at Peter. Peter does not look at John. If Peter does, Peter will spit his tobacco chaw into the nice lady's lap. Beer has made me raffish. I feel like breaking into a soft-shoe routine, da-da, djah, djah—funny thing happened to me on the way to the asylum. But John has sensed this: he gets me out of there fast.

"I've been rejected," I say.

"Shut up, you nut. And keep limping."



But give her credit: no other hotel has turned poor Peter down. It's a sign of some vestigial humanity. One proprietor said, on seeing decrepit me, "God, we could sure use him. Times have been slow." Not all the hotels in Long Beach are like this, but I have seen four; the conditions appall. Five or six attendants per two hundred people; at night there is often just one. And most residents, whether senior citizens or mental outpatients, receive medicine dispensed by unqualified personnel. The hotels are circumspect: they don't call themselves "nursing homes." Each is a "residence for adults." Nursing home standards, low as they are, don't apply here. The Social Security woman tells me: "We don't recommend these places, but we will pay for people to stay in them." I make a round-robin's worth of telephone calls: no state agency will take the rap for inspection, for regulation. Yet state mental hospitals send outpatients to Long Beach. It goes with the new psychiatric theme: deinstitutionalization. Get them out of the hospitals. Mr. Hall asks one young lady about Peter's medication. "I'll give it to him," she says. "Are you a nurse?" "I'm a doctor's associate." "What's that?" "The closest thing to a doctor, don't worry." We figure she's probably dating some surgeon.

Incident: Millie, a senior citizen, has passed away. Police arrive. The proprietor takes them outside. Millie's corpse is—guess where?—in a dumpster with the hotel trash. Her room was needed, you see; got to keep that state cash-flow flowing. *Incident:* Ethel pushes seven instead of six. The elevator will let her out on an abandoned floor. Ethel wanders, desperate. Her mummified body is found three months later. *Incident:* Another elevator, this without safety gate or lighting. An old man steps in and is horribly crushed when he falls against the moving front wall. Moreover, as Peter told you last issue, mental patients rove, unsupervised, throughout Long Beach. One resident talks about exhibitionism, bizarre actions, a mental patient eating with a spoon from garbage can bottoms. Time after time patients are reported absent and unaccounted for. Local emergency services are under an inequitable strain. On occasion the missing-person call comes in one week, ten days late. With so many people and so few attendants, it's hard to maintain an accurate head count. And, of course, the state won't pay for missing persons.

Long Beach, its government, is not at fault. Some of the more disreputable hotels have been shut down. Those that remain can outsmart city regulations. A bed tax, meant to control the overcrowding, was declared unconstitutional. Perhaps it is cheaper. Cumbrous, well-staffed state mental institutions would undoubtedly cost more. More, that is, if the value of human life, human minds, has been written off: a tax loss, you could call it. Deinstitutionalization stands for oblivion. No serious therapy is provided. They rock, they curse, they stare, they wander: their hopelessness has been agreed

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upon. And they sense it. The anomic suicide rate in Long Beach is abnormally high. If they served some useful purpose, if, say, we could vivisect them, then the expense might be justified.

"Does Pete here ever show signs of violence?"

"Oh, no. He's gentle. He's no trouble that way."

"And, may I ask, why is he chewing tobacco?"

"Well, once he set a bed on fire—since then we haven't allowed him to smoke."

"I understand. We'll see that Peter doesn't have any cigarettes. Mr. Hall, why don't you go home and get his things?"

But how can this woman know, be sure? Someday a nonviolent mental patient will murder two or three or ten senior citizens. Someday a fire will break out. With just one attendant on duty, the carnage will be spectacular. You'll see a headline, then a smaller headline, then an item. Remember, when it happens, that Peter told you so. □

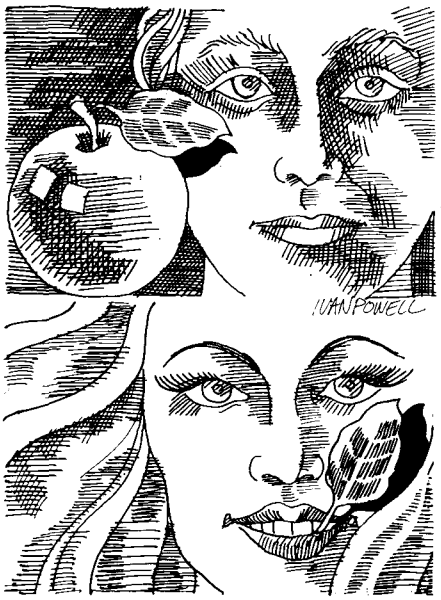
The PRINTED WORD

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Diets and Diaphragms

Do you read *Cosmopolitan*? No? Well then, who does? Because *somebody* sure does. Its circulation is allegedly around 1.5 million, but that looks low to me. I see stacks of it at every newsstand. Sometimes I see women buying it. But I seldom see anyone actually reading it.

Cosmo is the female counterpart of *Playboy*. Not because it features nude men—it doesn't, and the magazines that do probably appeal to homosexuals as much as to women—but because it serves to define sexual aspirations. Its real subject is manners, and it offers roughly the same guidance to young women that *Playboy* offers to young men. It tells you what to do with that crazy sex drive of yours: how to dress it up, make it presentable, satisfy it, and still satisfy the craving to be (and feel) *normal*. It encourages, cautions, consoles. It shows you that other people have the same problems and desires. It is frank and specific.



It grabs you—in places where you don't necessarily want to be grabbed, maybe, but all the same, it grabs you. The cover always features a cool beauty wearing what used to be called a "suggestive" dress against a plain background, surrounded by titles designed to ignite whatever prurient interest lurks in your heart. "Famous Girls Who Pose Nude." "More Joy of Sex from the Raging #1 Best Seller by Alex Comfort." "The Surprising Private Lives of Sex-perts Masters and Johnson." "When You Should Give Up Your Husband for a Lover." (The article following this one, by the way, was "What to Do about Those Ubiquitous Vaginal Infections"—go back to your husband, I suppose?)

There are non-prurient titles too. "How to Lose 8 Pounds in 10 Days: the Ultimate, *Safe* (and Easy) High-Protein Reducing Diet." "Change Your Life: Learning How to *Assert* Yourself Instead of Being Pushed Around." "How *Not* to Murder Your Mother-in-Law!" Can you just walk by that sort of thing? I can, with an effort, but it's a rare month when I don't pause to examine the *Cosmo* cover. I guess I'm daring it to seduce me. If it were free, and nobody were watching, would I pick it up? I doubt it: I'd probably resist just to prove something to myself, which confirms Ortega y Gasset's insight that we are "impersonators of ourselves"—the same point proved by *Cosmo*'s preoccupation, from cosmetic ads to advice columns, with the normal-and-comely self. I mustn't be too scornful. If it came down to a choice between *Cosmo* and *Playboy*, I'd read *Cosmo*.

It is sad, in a way, to see such naked human vulnerability as *Cosmopolitan* addresses: such desperate obsessive hunger for love, or a reasonable facsimile. How to achieve a proper orgasm! How to improve your personality! How to make a beeline for happiness, while avoiding the *faux pas*! Such a resolute simulation of vivacity, with *italics* and *exclamation points* in every *line*! How sweetly, innocently feminine too, to be so candid about one's wiles—in contrast, of course, to the men's magazines, in which all the posturing is to be simply imitated, without a chummy or humorous acknowledgment that there is any posturing going on at all.

True, *Cosmopolitan* is silly and embarrassing and hard to read long stretches of without a mild dejection. It probably promotes more frustration than happiness. It is false and pernicious in its treatment of sex as both a casual amusement and the final human felicity. Still, in my Utopia, Hugh Hefner would receive more lashes than Helen Gurley Brown. □

ACADEME

RICK BROOKHISER

Kunstler's Children

William Kunstler addressing the Yale Political Union—and for a minute, it almost feels like six years ago, when some of the people in this room were in seventh grade. An enormous audience—Kunstler has packed a room about the size of a small train station. Double rows fill the aisles, and a few perch in the windows. Sharing the podium, Jerry Paul—who, in case you spent your summer in Tibet, was the defense lawyer in the Joanne Little case. As I spent most of *my* summer listening to soul stations, I already know. ("And now the latest from NBN News: ANOTHER JUROR PICKED IN THE JOANNE LITTLE CASE. Russia nukes Peking.") And finally, Kunstler himself—no question about it, Kunstler is an excellent speaker. He projects an Old Testament intensity, a Puritanical fervor such as no one else these days outside the clergy radiates.

Yet tonight the fervor is strangely wasted. Kunstler's voice breathes death

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and damnation, but his words discuss grand juries, plea-bargaining, common law. It's as if John Milton were writing an epic on the power of positive thinking. The revolutionaries are behaving like reformers.

And then you realize that it's not six years ago, and that a good deal has changed. In this huge audience, only a few wear long hair. The Prophet and Mr. Paul have themselves been preceded by the chairmen of the Union's five political parties, and the chairman of the left-most party has worn a tie—in the good old days, the leftists wouldn't even have joined the Union. And even though Kunstler makes the ritual invocations—Angela Davis, the Berrigans, Chicago Seven—you realize that it's become just that—a ritual; a leftist parody of Fourth of July rhetoric, as soul-stirring as Free Silver, or Guy Fawkes. *Où sont les neiges d'antan*?

ANOTHER WAY of perceiving the same thing is to go out recruiting for the Yale Political Union among the class of '79. The moon shines, the elms whisper, and the dirty stairways of the freshman dormitories echo to the footsteps of the peddlers of furniture, charities, religions, magazine subscriptions—and us.

Knock knock.

The sound of typing ceases and the door opens. "Yes?"

"Hello-we're-from-the-Yale-Political-Union-the-national-forum-on-campus-organization-which-hosts-many-famous-speakers-and-gives-you-a-chance-to-develop-your-political—"

"How often do you meet?"

"Oh, once a week . . . your-political-philosophy-and—"

"Oh." (Grimly.) "You see, I'm going to law school . . ."

Pause; *exeunt omnes*.

Admittedly, these experiences are restricted to Yale, but I would not be surprised to find the same thing everywhere. (This summer I met a young lady who had been a member of the SDS while at Radcliffe. She now writes for *Fortune*.) That late Sixties radicalism which sent such shivers down our spines—that likelihood, nay certainty, that our seething campuses were on the verge of . . . *something*—has vanished, and everyone knows it. Our tastemakers have given us nostalgic revivals of Scott Joplin, the Andrews Sisters, and Bill Haley and the Comets. Within a year I predict a revival of the Beatles.

These are the facts, so obvious and widely known that they are scarcely worth rehearsing here, except to ask the important question: What should be our response to them?

ONE SCHOOL of thought, believing that no news is good news, tends to be quite happy these days. For these people, it doesn't much matter who is the pilot so long as no one rocks the boat. On an emotional level, this quietism usually derives from the relief of parents who no longer see their children being threatened by monsters. On an intellectual level, it descends, much less excusably, from a perversion of traditionalism, a misreading of Burke accomplished by wrenching the purple passages of the *Reflections* out of context and excusing any historical process so long as it is tranquil. Whatever its sources, by defining well-being as nothing more than the absence of turmoil, this attitude eagerly embraces the current apathy.

There are at least two objections to this. The first is that conservatives should never be in favor of non-thought. Americans need to think more, not less, and in the current dash for professional school, thought is taking a beating. If I seem to be implying that college students thought more in the late Sixties, I probably am. They also emoted more, so the thought went unnoticed. But there is nothing inherently wrong with campuses' being agitated by issues of national importance.

Conservatives must be especially concerned to promote thought these days because we are no longer in the majority. Back a few years ago, there was a delusion, best articulated by Agnew (remember him?), that somewhere out there was the backbone of America—a great conservative hinterland only waiting to be explored. One hopes we have been cured. Most Americans do not especially believe in freedom or order; still less do their children. The entire political spectrum has shifted under our feet. Jackson, a Democrat considered to be a conservative, calls himself a socialist, while Ford, a Republican considered to be conservative, enthuses over Apollo-Soyuz during Captive Nations' Week. We used to think that if we'd just let things go, they would go our way. But they won't. Most Americans will have to *choose* to be conservatives, because they won't be raised as conservatives—not at home, and certainly not at college.

And this, of course, is the most serious objection to college apathy—that the colleges are no less ideologically perverse than they were six years ago. Calmness does not equal neutrality; the mere fact that the battle cries of yesterday have become the platitudes of today only makes them more dangerous, because more readily accepted. We have domesticated the revolution much as the Victorians domesticated Romanticism; and if you hate Keats, why like Tennyson? When Kunstler can speak, in asides, of "the System" which is under attack both in the courts and in "Guinea-Bissau, Angola, . . . and Laos"; and when he can remark, as a throwaway line, that if disbarred, he could always do other things, "like Castro or Robespierre"; and when a small-train-stationful of short-haired, tie-sporting young men accepts these asides and these throwaways—we really have not progressed very much, have we? The revolution failed, but only from ineptitude. Intellectually, it lives and thrives in the interstices between sleep and Bio I that the classes of '77, '78, and '79 have kept open. □

Rick Brookhiser *of the Party of the Right is a junior at Yale.*

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Neo

Since trend-spotting is supposed to be what art criticism is all about, it's worth going to the SoHo art galleries even if you hate everything you see, for there's always a lot of free literature around touting this or that cause, praising this or that artist; you quickly get an idea of what's being talked about in so-called "advanced" circles. Recently I picked up the *SoHo News*, the radical arts neighborhood paper; a mimeographed letter urging me to write to Senator Javits and Congressmen Brademas and Koch supporting their bill to restore to artists their right to tax deductions on works they give to museums; and *Art-Rite*, a dimly printed sheet replete with advertisements from fancy galleries, uptown and down.

Art-Rite, despite the spelling of its title, is not easy reading, but a few words by John Howell summed up my impressions of the New York art scene in the first weeks of 1976: "It looks as if the Sixties are about over, in art as

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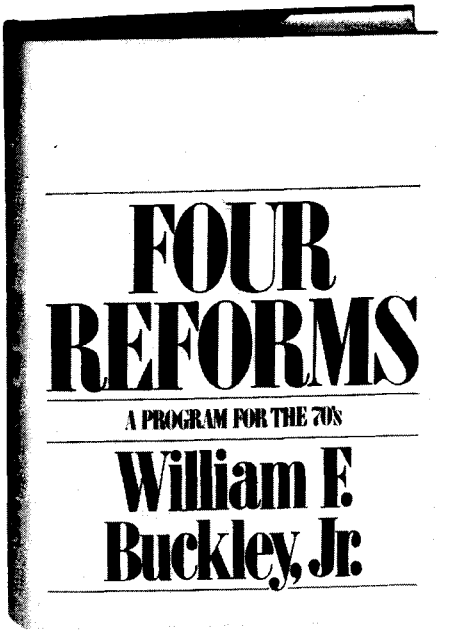
Here's a book every American ought to own...



Yes, especially now, in this vitally important election year, it will be hard to find anything more on-target than Wm. F. Buckley's "Four Reforms – A Program for the Seventies." This remarkable book deals with the gut issues that may well decide the coming national election – Taxation, Crime, Welfare and Education (plus two extra proposals concerning the Aged and Presidential Tenure that you will find intriguing). These are issues we struggle with day in and day out. How we handle them will determine the "quality of life" Americans can expect for themselves (and for their children) in the years ahead.

Buckley comes up with solutions that are ingenious, often breathtaking in conception, but always logical, and common-sense *practical.* It's refreshing to encounter new and workable ways to take the sting out of taxation; to respond to the welfare needs of our society *without ripping off the taxpayer;* to cut through the "watery sentiments that obstruct, delay, and defeat the prosecution of crime"; to snatch control of education from the hands of bureaucrats and jurists, and restore it to the people whose children are being educated.

Especially Now!

It's a book that is in perfect tune with the increasingly conservative, antistatist mood sweeping the country, proposing concrete action *now* to preserve the freedom we still enjoy (and restore the many already *lost).*

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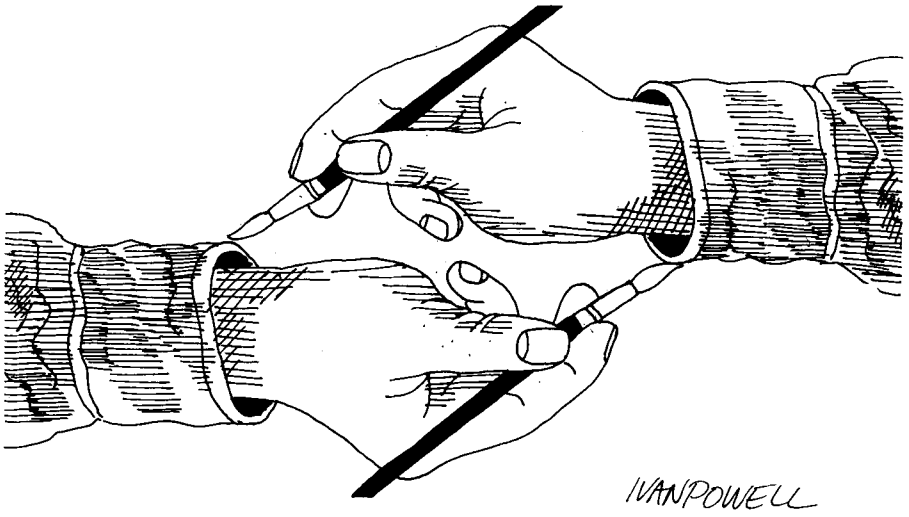
elsewhere. . . . This may or may not be a proto-romantic conceptual era [I'm not quite sure I follow him here, but that's how *Art-Rite*rs write], but it no longer seems a post-anything time. . . . Looking beyond the question of critical camps, media fashion, generational and individual career moves, let's just note that, as periodically occurs, a certain 'neo' is in the air."

Neo. If by this Mr. Howell meant a harking back to earlier moods and styles, occasionally with the addition of a certain *je-ne-sais-quoi*, then that's it; he's said it. Neo-realism, neo-romanticism, neo-surrealism—these are useful tags to stick on much of what I saw on my recent foray into the galleries. In other words, no new isms, only jazzed-up old ones.



At Knoedler's Robert Motherwell, theoretician of Abstract Expressionism and one of its pioneers, was exhibiting new variants of *Elegy to the Spanish Republic*, a theme that has preoccupied him for decades, plus smaller, less pretentious collages whose elegance and economy are far more appealing than the—to me—empty rhetoric of his larger pictures. The other half of Knoedler's was hung with a selection of prints, few of them recent, by Pop artists like Rauschenberg and Johns. Three self-portraits, dated 1975, by Jim Dine, who became famous by hanging old coats and neckties in front of mostly blank canvases, show that this artist is a fine draughtsman; they were surprising in their lack of gimmickry, their psychological insight.

Photo-realism is still flourishing; one rather regrets that this shorthand technique of painting over images photographed on canvas did not go out with Franz Lenbach in the 1890s. But the realism which originally motivated painters like Robert Bechtle, for instance, to paint immaculate gas stations and delicatessens has been replaced by neo-romanticism, as in Ian Hornak's tropical seashores (Tibor De Nagy Gallery), whose lurid blues and reds evoke the "And now we say goodbye to beautiful Bermuda" sunset. John Gundelfinger's misty landscapes at the Sachs Gallery, though painted freehand, seem equally travelogue-inspired.

Sculpture is either minimalist or—here we go again—neo-romantic. A young lady at the Weber Gallery told me she loved Carl André's floor piece, made of square plaques of varying metals—zinc, magnesium, aluminum, copper, iron, lead—because of the different patinas and the play of one glimmering surface against another. My own reaction was that whatever their initial impact, such pleasures soon pall, and I felt the same way about André's free-standing wood constructions, oblong blocks carefully piled on top of one another at right angles, like Lincoln Logs. More interesting were Agnese Udinotti's enigmatic bronzes at the Vorpal Gallery, expressionistic architectural forms, single or multiple, peopled by tiny long-legged figures with distended stomachs and wildly gesticulating arms, sometimes alone, sometimes in serried ranks as on Mesopotamian tombs. Very different but also memorable were the ceramic sculptures by Aleksandr Nezdanov, one of eight refugees from Soviet Russia presented by André Emmerich's SoHo branch. Nezdanov, who has been in this country a year and a half and has also lived in Paris, constructs multicolored curvilinear cage-like shapes from which snake-like forms seem to struggle to emerge; they are untitled but nevertheless strongly evocative of the artist's plight in the Worker's Paradise.

Much of what I saw can be labeled neo-surrealism: the frightening black-and-white lithographs of Swiss-born Ernst Aebi (Yu Gallery) as well as the dream-like paintings of the Austrian Karl Korab (Aberbach Gallery); both owe much to Bosch and Brueghel, and to the nightmare visions conjured up by the Viennese draughtsman Hundertwasser in the 1950s. But not all neo-surrealism is horror-struck: some, like Edward Gorey's improbable Edwardian ladies and gentlemen at the Graham Gallery and Joe Brainard's minuscule collages (Fischbach), are just plain funny. At the Arras gallery, Gary Mauro's painted hangings, mainly nudes whose protuberances—breasts, thighs—are stuffed and machine-stitched to give them three-dimensionality, may or may not be meant humorously; but there's no doubt about Red Grooms' giant walk-in, candy-colored parody of New York, *Ruckus Manhattan*, which takes up the whole lobby of 80 Pine Street, in the financial district, and is more fun than most Broadway shows. All the well-known downtown landmarks are there—the World Trade Center (30 feet high), the Woolworth Building (whose Gothic-inspired decorations seem to have been conceived by a drunken wedding cake decorator), Trinity Church complete with skeletons in the graveyard, as well as the "Manufacturers Handover" bank, a Stock Exchange complete with panicky brokers, and a Staten Island ferry that huffs, puffs, and shimmies.

Grooms is not neo-anything; he defies classification. So do the stunning American Indian portraits of Fritz Scholder at Cordier & Ekstrom. Despite his German-sounding name, Mr. Scholder is himself Indian, but he is neither primitive nor neo-primitive. His colors, hot earth tones contrasting with Tamayo-like purples, blues, and pinks, are boldly applied, assurance in every stroke, and his figures have an uncompromising monumentality and strength that is all too rare in contemporary figure paintings.

Neo can mean a dreary rehash or it can mean a new beginning. Most of what I saw was the former, but then, great art, to coin a phrase, does not grow on trees, at least not—so far—in 1976. □

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BOOKS

It Has Happened Here

America's Emerging Fascist Economy
By Charlotte Twight
Arlington House, 315 pp., $12.95

RICHARD S. WHEELER

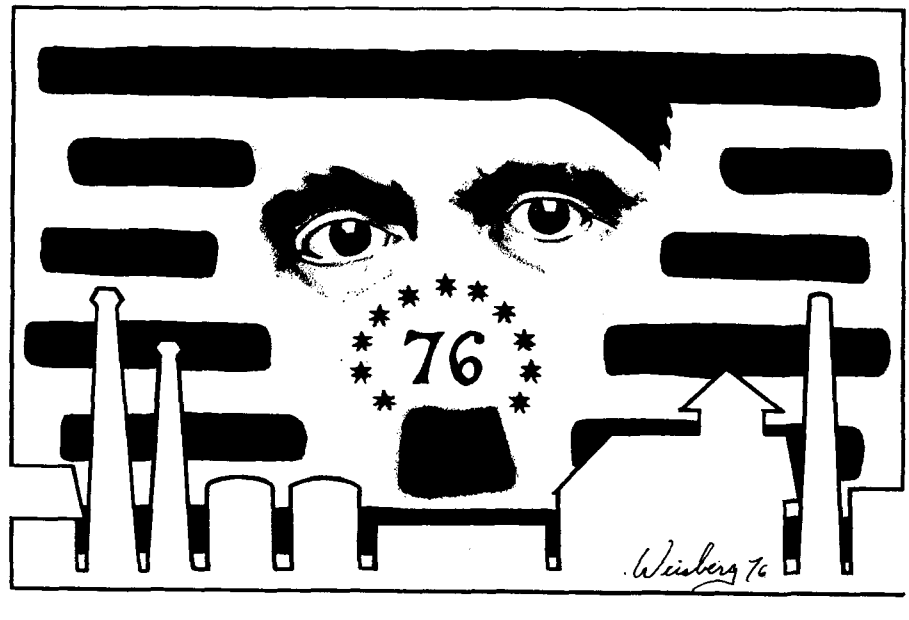
Fascist Italy and Germany transformed capitalism into a subservient tool of the state and the fascist parties. Fascism left ownership nominally in private hands but imposed heavy controls on all facets of economic activity. Industry was organized into cartels with prices and markets set by political authorities. Banking was either nationalized or dominated by the state. Labor and the unions were closely regulated and wages were a matter of state policy rather than market forces. The fascist goal was autarky, or internal self-sufficiency, and that required massive barriers to import and export.

The economy was perceived simply as a tool of the state. It did not exist for the sake of participating citizens, nor did citizens have the sovereign economic power to buy and sell whatever they pleased, or to select goods of whatever quality they could afford. Rather, fascist bureaucrats and politicians arrogated to themselves the power to regulate all the minutiae of economic life, expressly for the benefit of the state. Indeed, the state was the primary contractor for goods and services, and its sheer purchasing power sufficed to keep industry subservient. The fascists developed the compulsory welfare state and added it to their rigid economic controls, and also nationalized key areas of commerce and industry.

Charlotte Twight, a lawyer, has written a disturbing book that describes the pervasiveness of economic fascism in the United States. The Congress, she writes, has now remade our economy into the fascist mold in every respect. Only the degree of control, not the type of control, separates it from the totalitarian regimes that existed in Germany, Italy, and Japan. And the government's domination of the remaining backwaters of economic freedom is progressing so rapidly that it will soon have all the powers possessed by Hitler and Mussolini.

Large portions of the economy, Mrs. Twight notes, have been cartelized on straight fascist lines, particularly in transport and agriculture. The government's wage and price controls, labor policy, export and import controls, and domination of banking and the money supply—the substitution of political decision-making for the free market—are part and parcel of classical fascist economics. The net effect is to destroy flexibility, fossilize inefficient production, lower living standards, create an oppressive bureaucracy, disfranchise consumers, and generate the preconditions for war by turning international trade into political aggression rather than peaceable barter. In all instances a presumed "public good" or "national good" —separate and distinct from the good of consumers and producers—is the controlling rationale.

MRS. TWIGHT briefly examines historic fascist policy, and then proceeds to examine the major legislation and court decisions that have invested our government with fascist powers. One wishes she had conducted a running comparison of European and American fascist laws and ideologies, but she nonetheless makes her case beyond all doubt. Her chapter on international trade, the mythology of protectionism, and fascist



John Chamberlain *is a syndicated columnist. . . .* **John Greenway** *is Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado, and has observed policemen for himself. . . .* **Vincent Miller** *is Professor of English at Wofford College in Spartanburg, S.C. . . .* **Stephen J. Tonsor** *is Professor of Intellectual History at the University of Michigan. . . .* **Richard S. Wheeler** *is the author of* Pagans in the Pulpit.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ More April Titles: Barry Goldwater explains why America is going down (not in the Joplinesque sense of the phrase) for the last time, in *The Coming Breakpoint* (Macmillan, $8.95). . . . Law 'n' Order! The Peer Commission Report is being published as *The Mylai Massacre and Its Coverup: Beyond the Reach of the Law?* (Macmillan again, $10.95 cloth, $2.95 paper). . . . Joe McGinniss has a new book out in which he discusses heroes with various celebrities—anyway, that's what it's called, *Heroes* (Viking, $7.95). . . . "Woody . . . did it earliest, . . . Pete Seeger did it longest, Joan Baez did it the most artfully, Phil Ochs tried the hardest, young Bob Dylan did it best": protested, that is, as you'll learn from Jerome L. Rodnitsky's *Minstrels of the Dawn: The Folk-Protest Singer as a Cultural Hero* (Nelson-Hall, $9.95). . . . That not all female depression in the 1930s was of the postpartum variety seems to be the burden of Jeanne Westin's Terkelish *Making Do: How Women Survived the Thirties* (Follett, $9.95).

A recent victim of Robert Altman's attack on opryland describes her progress from the blacklung belt to the leatherlung belt in (with George Vecsey) *Loretta Lynn: Coal Miner's Daughter* (Regnery, $7.95). . . . John Keats, author of *The Insolent Chariots*, examines the intimate relationship between Thanksgiving turkeys and the Greyhound Bus line—and other contemporary gastronomic horrors—in *Whatever Happened to Mom's Apple Pie* (Houghton Mifflin, $7.95). . . . "The foot is an erotic organ and the shoe is its covering," says William A. Rossi in *The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe* (Saturday Review Press/Dutton, $10.95). . . . It may require all of Bruce Catton's inexhaustible talents for vulgarization to make a bestseller of *Michigan: A Bicentennial History* (Norton, $8.95).

■ New in Paperback: There's no longer *any* excuse for not reading one of 1974's most audacious books: John Murray Cuddihy's *The Ordeal of Civility: Freud, Marx, Lévi-Strauss, and the Jewish Struggle with Modernity* is now available in paperback (Delta, $3.45). . . . If you were lazy and flunked home economics, you can catch up with *Sylvia Porter's Money Book* (Avon, $5.95). . . . You can acquire a connoisseur's sophistication in the matter of the Dom Pérignon of the drug world by reading Richard Ashley's *Cocaine: Its History, Uses, and Effects* (Warner, $1.95). . . . There've been a lot of mean folks on the staff of *The New Yorker*, one of the meanest of whom was the subject of Burton Bernstein's excellent *Thurber: A Biography* (Ballantine, $2.50). . . . Robert W. Creamer's biography of an American god is, predictably, just as good in paper as it was between boards: *Babe* (Pocket Books, $2.50).

autarky ought to shake the most ardent protectionist.

Throughout the book there is evidence of a macabre irony. Economic fascism in this country is the handiwork of liberals and leftists, along with a few opportunist businessmen who sought economic advantage in favorable legislation rather than the free market. American conservatives or rightists for the most part clung to the ideal of limited government and economic freedom and personal sovereignty; they are not the authors of American fascism. But the liberals and "pragmatists," lusting for more government, more control, more planning, enacted redundant laws to bring "order" to an orderly free trade, "planning" to a carefully calculated market, and "consumer benefits" to consumers with an infinite choice of goods, prices, and qualities. American fascism, then, can and should be laid at the doorstep of interventionist liberals. It was their distrust of the market and their lust for imperial government that led to the ripening authoritarianism of the bureaucracy. There is no question that Presidents now have plenary power to run the economy as they choose.

Mrs. Twight calls it "participatory fascism," because the government's raw new power has been sugarcoated with the rhetoric of voluntarism. She notes that larger and more powerful businesses tend to favor the new fascism because they have the strength to cope with it, while weaker competitors have not. Smaller firms, without political clout, deluged by paperwork and controls, often succumb to fascist regulation. Fascism also eases labor problems for large companies by making the price of labor a matter for the state rather than the market. Fascist protectionism enables inefficient domestic industries to survive at the expense of consumers. Mrs. Twight notes that fascism enormously expands the potential for corruption, as business managers seek survival by courting Congress and bureaucrats. In fact, economic fascism —the politicization of economics—survives through corruption and influence-peddling.

This is an important book. It does not attempt to cover all areas of economic fascism, such as the compulsory welfare state. It barely touches upon some relevant subjects, such as the citizens' increasing passive dependency on the omniscient state. But it could be the beginning of a major assessment of our economic life. At the very least, it supplies substantial grounds to label new political interventions economic fascism, and to apply that label to the politicians who insist on expanding the state. □

De-Managing America: The Final Revolution
By Richard Cornuelle
Random House, 147 pp., $7.95

POWER TO THE STOPKOWSKIS!

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Not so many years ago Richard Cornuelle wrote a paean to voluntarism, *Reclaiming the American Dream*. The book was visionary but it was also practical. Going back to Tocqueville for his inspiration, Cornuelle sought to revive a day when Americans solved their problems by free association. Barn-raisings might be anachronistic, but Cornuelle persuaded a number of banks to underwrite a program for long-term student loans that did not involve any guarantee from the taxpayers. This prototype operation was rolling along, but Lyndon Johnson had a somewhat different dream than the one that had animated Tocqueville. Instead of a spate of voluntarism, we got the Great Society. It became the nightmare of HEW in short order.

For a time Cornuelle thought he could fight back by making a direct appeal to big business. He took a job as vice president of the National Association of Manufacturers, thinking he would have carte blanche to work up voluntaristic schemes which would be put forward with NAM sanction. Alas, he discovered that attempts at "social engineering" from the "front office" led nowhere. The "front office," he says, knew "damn little about how America

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really works . . . we were unconsciously borrowing methods that are appropriate to building bridges and baking biscuits but which have no useful application to human enterprises."

One day, in a fit of blind frustration, Cornuelle simply walked out of his oversized office at NAM and disappeared. He did not know what he was going to do. He moved out of the high-rent district and started using buses and subways. He saw individuals as he never had seen them before. He saw that young people were learning a lot in spite of the fact that front-office educational plans never worked. He discovered that Americans were living longer and healthier lives in spite of the fact that our "health delivery system" was reportedly in a final crisis. He found some businesses that prospered by letting workers alone. His sudden realization that millions of people were getting along in spite of elaborate government and business organization and "administration" sent him scurrying for pencil and paper. The result is a refreshing—and sometimes infuriating—little book called *De-Managing America*, which is a blast against the social-engineer mentality whether it expresses itself in government or in labor unions or in business organizations.

What impressed Cornuelle was the diversity which still exists in America despite the compulsion to give everybody a number that enables the government to treat individuals as pushpins, retiring them on a Social Security pittance from a "fund" that consists of a lot of unbacked IOUs. There are five million business enterprises in America, ranging from those of bootblacks and pushcart peddlers to AT&T. There is a man in Florida, says Cornuelle, who makes a living making microscope guides out of the webs of black widow spiders. Some people make tote boards; others do dance notation for a foundation that serves modern dance. Thousands of people live in the interstices of the political and industrial systems, getting along somehow and enjoying life with whatever the government allows them to keep after it has paid $44,000 or so each to worthless congressmen who keep our inflation going in spite of all the warnings from the Britain we seem fated to imitate.

I happen to be writing this review sitting in front of a fireplace built by a Polish family—two brothers and their five sons—named Stopkowski. They worked weekends to finish the job and didn't charge overtime. They belong to no union. When they finish a job they all knock off and have an uproarious time for a week. They are just as much a part of America as George Meany or the head of HEW. Dick Cornuelle is right when he says that de-managed people—such as the Stopkowskis—are our hope for a sane future.

Alas, Cornuelle can give us no assurance that the political arm, financed by the inflation that our general ignorance of economics permits to proceed without any visible terminal point, won't end by killing the social power we must have if we are to continue to pay the Stopkowskis among us. True enough, our front-office managers in Washington and in big private enterprise can't manage. But they sure can stop the works. What we want next from Cornuelle is a book telling us how we are going to climb out from under the wreckage without submitting to that ultimate manager, the dictator, who will Finlandize us while letting Marxist managers make a poorhouse of the rest of the world. □

George Eliot: The Emergent Self
By Ruby V. Redinger
Knopf, 515 pp., $15

VICTORIAN MORAL GRANDEUR

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

The Victorians have a justified reputation for a concern with sexual morality and decorum. In the past decade ordinary readers have been shocked and surprised to learn that the practice of what Steven Marcus called "those other Victorians," and even Victorians with whom we are more familiar, deviated from the Evangelical model of joyless instinctual fulfillment. But it is seldom noticed that it was morals and ethics generally, and not sex in particular, which so troubled the Victorians. The moral problem seemed so acute to them because they believed that the transcendental assurances as well as the institutional guardians of morality were on the point of giving way.

George Eliot was given first place among novelists by her contemporaries not simply because she was a great writer but, more particularly, because she sounded a note of moral earnestness and ethical concern which was unequaled—one is tempted to say not even approached—by her fellow novelists. When George Eliot died in December 1880, Lord Acton, whose conscience had the reputation of a hanging judge, wrote to Mary Gladstone: "You cannot think how much I owed her. Of 18 or twenty writers by whom I was conscious that my mind has been formed, she was one." Her influence on Acton was a consequence of what Robert Browning called her "moral grandeur."

But "moral grandeur" was so unlikely coming from this woman. She was the translator of David Friedrich Strauss's *Life of Jesus* and Ludwig Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*, the two central documents of the attack on Christianity by nineteenth-century unbelief. She was and remained an agnostic, and she behaved with greater public impropriety than any other great Victorian. She flirted with the world of the Victorian swingers, associated with advanced thinkers and radicals, and finally settled into a common-law marriage whose endurance baffled as much as it shocked her contemporaries.

It was precisely because of, rather than in spite of, this defiance of the conventional sources of morality and its institutional manifestations that Acton and his fellows found her so compelling as a moralist. Acton had been dismayed to find that the very sources of moral authority were morally corrupt. Popes and saints alike fell short of his high standard. George Eliot, however, remained highly moral even though she was unbelieving and asserted that institutional moral arrangements were conventions only and not always even conducive to the good. The

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Victorians' problem was, above all, how to remain good or even civilized in a world in which the general wreck of belief and social systems was everywhere apparent. George Eliot assured men that their actions in this world brought in train their own rewards and punishments; never mind the next. To a world which stood at Dover Beach it was a comforting doctrine.

There is little enough of this in Ruby Redinger's study of George Eliot. It is a long essay, not without its incidental interest, which concerns the development of the novelist. Its greatest weakness lies in the author's inadequate concept of the "self." By "self" Professor Redinger obviously means personality. Eliseo Vivas, in *The Moral and The Ethical Life*, noted: " 'self' . . . is the collective term which we apply to the powers distinctly exhibited by the human organism, and 'person' is the term by which we refer to those powers when they are informed by a hierarchy of operative values which have been integrated." The givens of George Eliot's "self" included a passionate nature, intense ego-involvement, and a will to power. Now an ordered personality does not "emerge." It is constructed of the materials provided by the "self" in the course of the most intense moral conflict. Choice and conflict lay at the heart of George Eliot's personality and art. She lived and wrote on the brink of the void. But Miss Redinger seems scarcely aware that a struggle took place.

THE IDEA of "emergence" as Miss Redinger presents it makes impossible any analysis of the development of George Eliot's art. Style, which is one of the most important dimensions of art, is always both personal and generational. Miss Redinger does not show how, in literary critical terms, the art of George Eliot is related to her life. We are given episodic *précis* of her novels and poetry but there is hardly any attempt to relate aesthetic (as distinguished from ideological) content to her life. We are, in fact, left to believe that art is "emergent" and not made.

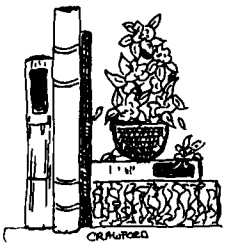
The problem is even greater when we attempt to account in an integral way for the growth of George Eliot's personality. The concept of "emergence" prevents us from seeing her whole; our time is spent in exploring bits and pieces, and in the work of trying to patch together a development pattern out of these *disjecta membra*. A passion for wholeness, order, developmental articulation, and style are the marks of a readable and important book. It is not altogether unfair to compare this book with what, with ideal objectivity and sympathy, George Eliot might now say about herself. Measured by that standard Professor Redinger gets a grade of C. □

The Classic: Literary Images of Permanence and Change
By Frank Kermode
Viking, 141 pp., $7.95

CLASSICS AND CLICHÉS

VINCENT MILLER

The problem Professor Kermode set himself in this small book can be quickly though not simply put. Classics —i.e., works from the past that have enduring value—obviously exist; but, as Eliot pointed out, they remain classics only by changing their meaning as age succeeds age. How then are we to define the enduring "something" we know we are referring to when we call a classic a classic?



If one puts the problem as Eliot did, in terms of Virgil and Rome, one at once sees its full significance. Virgil wrote just prior to a cataclysmic change in Western history; he became a major classic—for centuries *the* classic—of a world quite different from his own. Determining what we mean when we call him a classic is then—as Eliot realized—to determine what we mean when we talk of tradition in anything more than easy clichés.

Professor Kermode's consideration of the problem Eliot raised was originally given as the T. S. Eliot Memorial Lectures at the University of Kent, and is on the whole disappointing. He begins with Eliot's view of Virgil, adds Dante's, and identifies the amalgam with "the imperialist view" of Virgil and of Rome that obtained during the Middle Ages and early Renaissance. This view saw politics, religion, and literature as three aspects of a single entity, which changed but in changing renewed itself; and it judged "the classic" accordingly. Though he ends by rejecting this view, Professor Kermode never really considers it critically.

With a plethora of learned reference, he surveys various *translationes imperii* with their accompanying *translationes studii* (the Carolingian Renascence, etc.). His aim seems to be to touch at all possible points on all the work of historical scholarship, thus impressing his academic audience, while ending with a set of acceptable clichés that soothe their prejudices. (Professor Kermode is a significant figure in British academic life, so there is no reason for not saying that he too often reminds one in these lectures of Ibsen's Ejlert Lövborg, whose "classic" formula for quick academic success was precisely to say nothing with a maximum of learned reference.) The clichés Kermode implies, but never flatly states, are that any view which conceives of Western civilization as a viable cultural, religious, and political unity is to be maintained only by some pretty abstruse metaphysics, while demanding in practice both an obviously unacceptable belief in the supernatural and an outmoded commitment to imperialism. One might, I think, argue intelligently that this is the case. And one's readers might then agree or disagree. The trouble with this chapter of *The Classic* is that it poses as an historical account at just the points where it is by innuendo rejecting the one view it describes in any form at all.

PROFESSOR KERMODE'S next chapter is excellent; in it he traces the mutation of "the imperialist view" into the Augustan. His approach is still historical, but it has now more intellectual bite: he does well at indicating how a set of medieval and Renaissance beliefs that were of consequence in the formation of the West were, in seventeenth-century England, made shallow enough to cloak over a provincial culture that had, for the Western world generally and finally even for itself, no truly significant church, polis, or classic literature. He ends therefore with Pope as his example of an Augustan classic, and with Pope's vision of universal darkness and dullness in the offing, not a Virgilian golden age. As was indeed the case.

In his last two lectures, Professor

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Kermode moves first to America and Hawthorne, and then to *Wuthering Heights* interpreted according to information theory. In the first he surveys some of the duller reaches of American literary scholarship; in the second, what lies on the forefront of the new French criticism. He is by now giving his own theory that a classic is "a verbal construct" which is sufficiently "complex and indeterminate" to permit new interpretations as the race's "probability systems" change. Kermode really offers no more reason for advocating this theory than he did for rejecting the imperialist view; but he is again touching base with a cliché acceptable among academic circles.

EVEN so he does stretch himself a bit too thin intellectually. Even if one grants him that Hawthorne wrote when "traditional certainties" were fading into "modern ambiguities" (has anyone noted that "the point in time" has utterly replaced "the rise of the middle classes" as explanation for any period in the last 600 years?), one cannot conclude that one may therefore give a Hawthorne novel any reading that one's personal "probability system" dictates. If ambiguity is what Hawthorne indeed expressed, ambiguity is what we've got to come out with. Similarly, if *Wuthering Heights* offers its readers what Kermode thinks it offers—i.e., many incidents and characters that refuse to jell with other incidents and characters in any clear pattern—our response must be to that fact. We simply cannot choose some view of our own, pointing for justification to "a surplus of signifier over signified" in Miss Emily's original.

One should give Kermode his due. He never really comes to grips with his subject, but he did choose it; and few American or British academics would have been so intelligent. His historical accounts are often interesting. And if he has his way, he intends to free each reader of cultural background (he insists on this proviso) to have his own reaction to any classic he reads, without worrying over or even consulting any scholar-critic-academic at all. This radically revolutionary program has much to commend it, and it took a man of stature and daring to propose it; it would, if accepted, do away at one stroke with most of the literary reading, writing, and talking that has characterized the intellectual and academic worlds since the middle class first rose, "hot for certainties," at just the moment when, fortunately, all certainties were giving way to "modern ambiguities." □

FICTION

The Choirboys
By Joseph Wambaugh
Delacorte, 346 pp., $8.95

THE SOULS OF POLICE FOLK

JOHN GREENWAY

You will just have to take my word for what I think Whittaker Chambers said about *The Grapes of Wrath* in *Time* some four decades ago, for I am not going through back issues of that periodical to certify my memory that he called it a great book of great mischief. His profound critical summary will be applied also to former Los Angeles Detective Sergeant Joseph Wambaugh's latest police novel, *The Choirboys*.

I once heard Robert Frost, driven almost to madness by the weird meanings put on his "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," say: "A reader does not interpret a poem; the poem interprets the reader." The mischief of *The Choirboys* has been put into the reader's mind by such certified authorities as former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and his Little Sir Echoes on the *New York Times*. The slender dozen titular choirboys of Wambaugh's novel give unintended credence to the popular view: they are psychopathically introspective, irresponsible, and dubiously moral Los Angeles night-shift policemen who call a "choir practice" around a slimy duck pond in MacArthur Park whenever one of them suffers an unusually traumatic psychological shock of the sort every dedicated police officer experiences daily. But these choirboys feel more deeply than they think, so their probings deteriorate into an alcoholic stupefaction just short of such paralysis that they cannot cry *Ite, missa est* before gang-banging two megamammalian police groupies named Ora Lee Tingle and Carolina Moon.

I do not deny Wambaugh's thesis that every police department has its choirboys. To some extent every real police officer is a choirboy. Police work is a terrible profession, subject to physical and psychological strains undreamt of in the ordinary citizen's philosophy. I have done much investigation into why some men become police officers, and I am unalterably convinced that beneath all the specious sublimations rests a death wish. Wambaugh subtly alludes to this by calling suicide the "policeman's disease." One of my police partners whom I thought I knew well killed himself one night.

But I do quarrel with Wambaugh's contention that sensitive policemen express themselves in weepy debauches. Police are silent sufferers who rarely expose their souls, and then only to a trusted partner. Twice in my years with the police I was beaten to my knees by emotional blows that became known to my fellow officers. They sent me no sympathy cards, they mouthed no conventional comforts; just a silent hand on my shoulder that was more moving than all of Job's lamentations.

TO UNDERSTAND the worlds of Steinbeck and Wambaugh one must read all their writings. Remember that Steinbeck of *The Grapes of Wrath* finally became Stonebreaker of *The League of Noble Christians*. Wambaugh's four novels must be read as an integrated tetralogy. His first book, *The New Centurions*, is incomparably the best revelation of the lives and souls of policemen ever written, giving in one paragraph the theme of the hardly conceived tetralogy—when two police officers, seeing the whole world starting its Armageddon in the chaos of Watts, wonder one to the other whether, two millennia ago, two centurions like themselves prepared to die in a losing battle against the mad militants of Christianity painted a thousand years later in El Greco's saints. Wambaugh's microcosmic sequel *The Blue Knight* shows in the last few days of a policeman's career that all the good of his life was his unrecognized love of his *puta*—his whore, his patrol beat. *The Onion Field*, Wambaugh's non-fiction novel, would not be within my own belief if an al-

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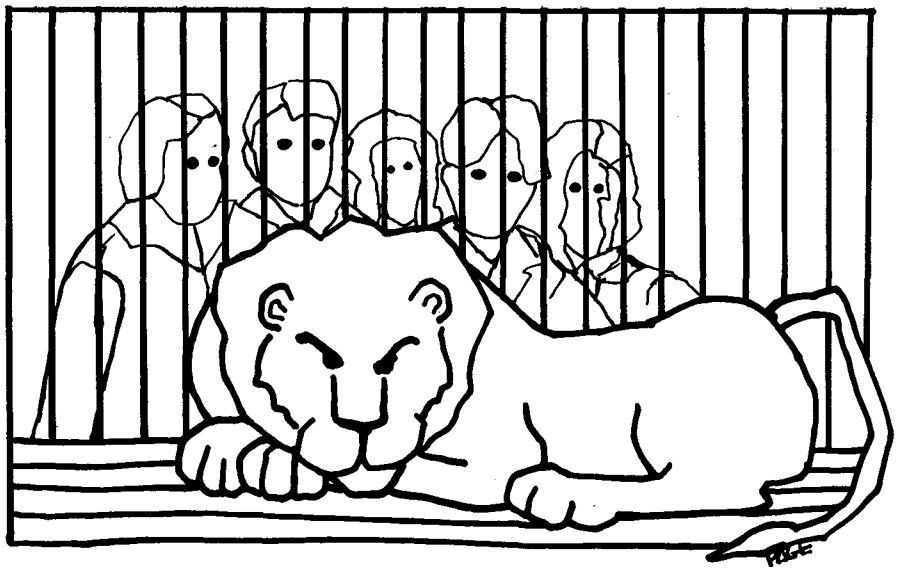
most identical incident of unimaginable horror had not occurred in my own department to a young officer whom I had the honor of helping train. To see Wambaugh's tetralogy in the purest form of the word (three tragic pieces balanced by one humorous one), *The Choirboys* completes the opus. Without the last two chapters it is the comic novel of the season.

Some readers will not like the rough humor, but policemen for their own survival are rough men. For the sake of propriety, I shall refrain from citing Wambaugh's hilarious incidents, but I can fairly suggest his humorous adventures by mentioning a true happening suffered by a pair of compassionate officers in my own department. They had been dispatched to an emergency situation occurring in a large and emotional Italian family, whose ancient great-grandmother had suddenly collapsed on the linoleum. She looked exceeding ill. In point of fact, she was dead, as the officers immediately perceived. But they had to do something to comfort, even for those first few minutes of grief, the howling family. So one of them knelt down and gave the matriarch mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Since she was not going to breathe in any event, the officer blew her up like a balloon—till the intruded air was released in an explosive breaking of wind. The two officers fell over the old girl in uncontrollable laughter. That is how policemen get their bad reputations.

Like that other lovable fellow, Iago, I am nothing if not a critical man. But I will say here what I probably never will say again of the combined work of another modern writer: that Joseph Wambaugh's narrative revelations of that most misunderstood of all professions are absolutely required reading for anyone hoping to know humanity in its naked reality. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE VICTORIAN SERVANT, *by Pamela Horn (St. Martin's, 221 pp., $10.95).* These days, the inhibition and hypocrisy quotient in popular attitudes toward cleaning women is about as high as it was in attitudes toward prostitutes a century ago. Guilty desires . . . bravado self-justifications ("I never ask her to do anything I wouldn't do myself") . . . hidden hatreds . . . The syndrome is very familiar. Many people, indulging their fantasies of devoted old retainers who *do* wash windows and *do not* demand to be driven to and from the bus stop, will be disappointed to discover that even the golden age wasn't 18 karat. Pamela Horn's thoughtful history of domestic service in Victorian England provides, to be sure, numerous examples of servile devotion, but it also describes the complexity of forces—legal, economic, religious, and social—that were required to produce servants and keep them below stairs. However, this is no one-sided indictment of the Haves for what they do to the Have-Nots. Though it describes the institutionalized tyrannies and illicit brutalities visited upon servants by their masters, the book gives equal time to the wrongs perpetrated by the employee upon the employer—a considerable number of thefts and not a few murders. And as a final demonstration of scholarly impartiality, there are even accounts of situations in which everybody was happy. ANNE CRUTCHER



KNOWING THE SCORE: *Notes on Film Music, by Irwin Bazelon (Van Nostrand Reinhold, 352 pp., illus., $12.50).* Beethoven said that there is music in a pause. But in the most banal films there is no pause, only Muzak, responding to cinematic horror vacua. Irwin Bazelon, a renowned composer, devotes little time to surveying the history of music in the cinema, concentrating instead on contemporary problems and their often ingenious solutions. Should music drown a film? Should it match action scene for scene, clueing the viewer to the "proper" emotion? Should music work to downplay mood? Should it be applied sparingly or in heavy doses? These are a few of the many subjects Bazelon discusses. About a third of the text reproduces interviews—with 14 current masters in the field, including Elmer Bernstein, Jerry Goldsmith, Lalo Schifrin, and Gail Kubik—wherein we get an illuminating variety of views and anecdotes about producers, directors, and other occupational hazards facing those who make music for the movies. Film music is as diverse a medium as film itself; its possibilities for enriching film are nearly limitless; yet it is only subliminally perceived by the average moviegoer. With its many pages of movie scores, its literate interviews, and its sensible approach to a complex problem, Bazelon's gracefully written book is one of those rare items about which one may confidently predict that, for devotees of films, it will be indispensable. DAVID BRUDNOY

LONDON, A CONCISE HISTORY *by Geoffrey Trease (Scribner's, 224 pp., illus., $12.50).* To grow tired of London, Samuel Johnson insisted, is to grow tired of life. But to grow a little weary of the steady stream of books *about* London is perhaps more understandable. In many ways, the best casual work—combining history, geography, humor, and practical information for the modern traveler—is still the Fodor guidebook by David Piper, deservedly revised and reprinted several times since its original appearance in 1964. However, Geoffrey Trease's new *Concise History* of the city on the Thames, if less practical, still pleasantly and readably chronicles nearly two millennia of dazzling London history, and is well illustrated to boot. If the last several decades come in for fairly scant handling, it is just as well. Despite the author's attempt to end on a positive note, those who visit London fairly regularly nowadays are painfully aware of the slow but steady decline in manners, morals, morale, and general tone. The most vivid impression of 1975 was of a seemingly endless line of plump, purse-and-petrol-proud Arabs and their broods waddling through Burlington Arcade, Knightsbridge, and Oxford Street, where many Londoners and some European visitors can no longer afford to shop. It is a spectacle that might have fatigued even Samuel Johnson, who, come to think of it, would probably have turned Powellite by now, if he were still around. ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

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sentations in Belin's piece would require an argument of similar length. Last May, when Belin was serving on the Rockefeller Commission in Washington, D.C., I suggested that we debate these matters in public. In July he replied, stating that he had returned to Des Moines and did not want to spend any more time away from his family and law practice. He proposed a closed debate before the Des Moines chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists (he has never explained what role he proposes for that group, describing it mysteriously as an "experiment").

Recently I obtained permission from the editor and publisher of *The Saturday Evening Post* to propose to Belin that we argue in print the question of Lee Harvey Oswald's guilt or innocence. I hope Belin will eventually accept this proposal. He informs me that he cannot do so now because of "other writing commitments."

Gaithersburg, Md. GEORGE O'TOOLE

Mr. Belin Replies

As Mr. Snedeker says, the Psychological Stress Evaluator does exist. But O'Toole claims that if you use it with a recording of a person's voice, you can determine for certain whether or not the person is telling the truth. The Psychological Stress Evaluator does *not* do this with 100 per cent accuracy. As a matter of fact, a 1973 government project evaluated the PSE and found that it was not even as reliable as a polygraph, the so-called "lie detector."

Since Mr. O'Toole refers to my July 14, 1975 letter, the best reply would be that letter itself: "You have asked for an opportunity to debate with me. In fact, we have already debated: You have published your book, which was commissioned by *Penthouse* magazine, and I have published my book. . . .

"All of your charges are fully answered by the Warren Commission Report and my book, and in neither . . . is there the type of misrepresentation which permeates your writing. Perhaps the most vivid example of this [misrepresentation] is your claim that the cartridge cases found near the scene of the Tippit shooting '. . . seemed to have been put deliberately where they would be found after a brief search.' The clear implication of your language is that someone was seeking to 'frame' Oswald. In truth, as you know, the cartridge cases in the bushes were found by three witnesses who saw the gunman at the Tippit scene or running away from the Tippit murder scene with gun in hand, saw him toss the cartridge cases in the bushes as he reloaded his pistol, and subsequently turned the cartridge cases over to the police. . . .

"Now let me turn to your specific request that we debate. One of the major problems of debates where one of the debaters is a sensationalist who has shown reckless disregard of the truth is that in a ten-minute opening presentation, ten or twenty different lies can be asserted . . . However, it may take as long as five or ten minutes to explain all of the facts necessary to rebut just one of the lies.

"The best way to meet this problem is to be sure that the audience . . . is relatively well-versed with the facts. This is similar to an oral argument before a judge, where the judge ahead of time has the briefs of the parties and knows what the basic issues are.

"From my personal standpoint, I have no desire to participate in your reaping additional royalties from a book that is so misrepresentative of the truth. Also, I have no particular desire to spend a lot of additional time away from my family in Des Moines or . . . from my law practice to satisfy your pecuniary goals.

"However, I would be willing to debate you here in Des Moines before a group that might be somewhat knowledgeable of the facts, where a substantial number of members ahead of time would have had an opportunity to read your book and mine. We could have those particular members be the actual judges of the debate, and also, after the formal debate was completed, we could have the meeting opened up for questions.

"Recently, I was contacted by Rox Laird, President of the Des Moines Chap-

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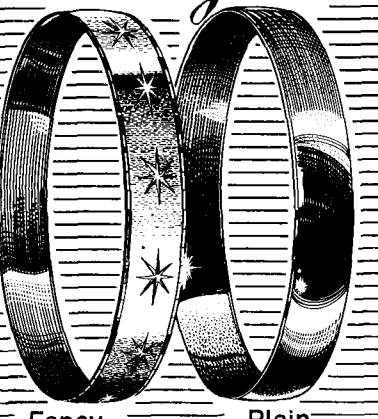

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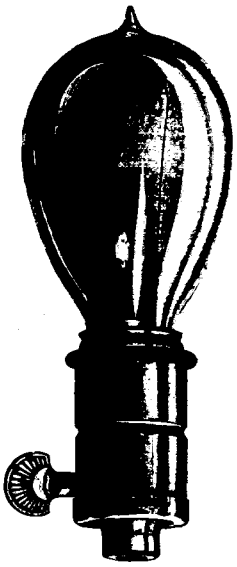

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ter of the Society of Professional Journalists (Sigma Delta Chi), who asked me to appear as a speaker. I suggested to him the possibility that instead of my being a speaker, such a debate might take place between you and me, with you and your publisher supplying a dozen copies of your book ahead of time and my publisher supplying a dozen copies of my book ahead of time to members of the Chapter who would have an opportunity to read both books."

Mr O'Toole turned down that request. He said that he wanted the debate to be on television. I contacted Sigma Delta Chi concerning this request and they arranged with public television in Iowa to have the debate televised. I so advised Mr. O'Toole on September 30 and December 23, 1975, and again on January 29, 1976. Mr. O'Toole has consistently refused the offer. Accordingly, I will let the record stand. Interested readers can read his book, *The Assassination Tapes*, and my book, *November 22, 1963: You Are the Jury*, and reach their own verdict.

Des Moines, Iowa DAVID W. BELIN

BROGAN

(Continued from page 326)

Russians acted with inconceivable clumsiness. Their ambassador made an official protest and the Russian press ran an anti-Thatcher campaign. There was even an official protest to Reginald Maudling, the Tory shadow foreign secretary.

To crown it all, Roy Mason, the defense secretary, joined in with an intemperate attack, laced with male chauvinist piggery. This firmly established Margaret Thatcher as the defender of Britain from enemies both without and within.

In fact, Roy Mason had been less than fair to himself. It was known that he had been fighting hard in the cabinet against the disarmers, but he felt he had to make a gesture to the pacifists and fellow travelers in the party. That gesture told the people that Labor is not to be trusted to defend Britain against Russia. Another bonus for the Iron Lady.

But the worst news for Harold Wilson is in Scotland. The Celtic fringe won the last two elections for him, and now it looks as if Labor's grip on Scotland may be lost. The Scottish Nationalists have won a number of spectacular by-elections for the regional councils. These have been at the expense of Labor (the Tories have done surprisingly well). If the erosion of the Laborites' vote continues at the next general election, very few of their Scottish seats will be held.

To make matters worse, two Ayrshire MPs have formed the Scottish Labor Party, and refer woundingly to the orthodox party as "Old" Labor. Their own constituency parties have expelled them and are looking for new candidates. But they still receive recognition from the Labor Whip in Parliament. In their native Ayrshire they are lepers and pariahs, but in Westminster they are—votes.

The next election promises to produce the most mixed and unpredictable Parliament of modern times, with Mrs. Thatcher in Downing Street and Harold Wilson heading for the groves of academe—and another volume of memoirs. What does the future hold for Edward Heath?

Alas, another book on sailing. □

CLARK

(Continued from page 331)

increased number of women working, mostly for low wages. But if we reckon (as we should for this purpose) in terms of family incomes, we have to reach the opposite conclusion; namely, that distribution is becoming more equal. It should also be pointed out that, whatever may be our complaints about it, the distribution of income in the United States (and in kindred countries such as Canada, Australia, and New Zealand) is more equalitarian than anywhere else in the world—certainly more than in the Communist countries.

There is an extraordinary misstatement, which has also appeared in other documents, to the effect that between 1950 and 1965 U.S. corporations invested $3.8 billion in Latin America, remitted $11.3 billion in profits, and retained enough locally to increase the value of the investment to $10.3 billion (*Survey of Current Business*, Department of Commerce). In the first place, this statement ignores investments made before 1950. At the beginning of that

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year, U.S. private long-term assets in Latin America were $4.6 billion (worth a great deal more at current prices). Investment (excluding undistributed earnings) totaled $8 billion over the period 1950-65 and $7.8 billion for 1966-72. The value of private assets rose to $11.8 billion at the end of 1965 and to $21 billion at the end of 1972. Income from these investments totaled $13.7 billion in the period 1950-65 and $12.3 billion in the period 1966-72, i.e., an average annual rate of return of a little over 10 per cent. Some may consider these returns high (even after considering the risks involved?). But these results bear no resemblance to Bishop Dougherty's statement, presumably prepared for him by some enthusiastic amateur.

In addition to these outrageous numerical errors, there are more general statements about United States investment in Latin America "perpetuating a condition of dependency and underdevelopment, enriching the top 30 per cent of the population" while not merely neglecting but operating "at the expense of" the other 70 per cent. The pamphlet winds up by saddling international corporations, in the words of a declaration by the Latin American bishops, with "the principal guilt for the economic dependence of our countries."

A favorite proposal, made by the United States Catholic Conference and by kindred organizations in other countries, is that the prices of primary products be "stabilized" (the word "stabilization" always carries the implication that it should be at a high level). This result, however, could only be attained by restricting production—a remedy worse than the disease. The basic cause of adverse terms of trade for primary products has been the excess output dumped on world markets by the subsidized agriculture of North America, Australia, and Western Europe. This subsidized agriculture has seriously hurt farmers in the poorer countries, as well as taxpayers who have had to support it—and may soon have to support it again.

Economic illiteracy may be excusable in Latin America, but not in the United States. The writers of this pamphlet, however, seem to be feeling their way to the crassly stupid conclusion that countries would be better off without international trade, and perhaps to the final Marxist absurdity of condemning all trade as a form of exploitation.

(Continues on page 349)

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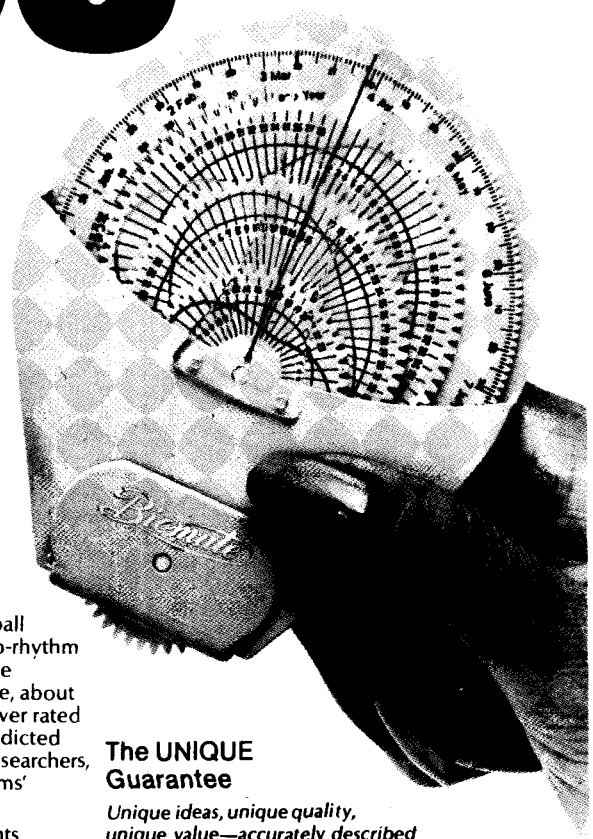

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[JOSEPHINE] MICHALSKI:

The Language Barrier.

My parents were immigrants and when I went to school I couldn't speak one word of English, only Lithuanian. Our class was made up of kids who spoke Polish, Russian, and Italian. We had to work at it, but by the second year we all spoke English well. Why can't the Hispanics do the same?

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CLARK

(Conitnued from page 347)

Most (though not all) trade transactions in fact confer economic benefits on both buyer and seller.

Very large countries (Russia, China, India) with diversified resources can develop with a minimum of international trade, though even they seriously impoverish themselves by so doing. But the idea of smaller countries developing without international trade is totally absurd.

The real attraction that Marxism holds for the intellectuals in Latin America, as the French sociologist Raymond Aron pointed out, is that it enables them to blame others for what are in fact the consequences of their own misgovernment. Most of the economic and social troubles of the Latin American countries are of their own making, particularly the illiteracy in which they have left such a large proportion of their people, the extravagant government spending, the failure to collect taxes, as well as the insane hostility to immigration, at a time when they face serious shortages of skilled labor.

However, this ineffable pamphlet asks us to accept ideas "in origin Marxist, widely endorsed in the Third World, and receiving healthy, if qualified, support from a wide spectrum of non-Marxist authorities." The author of these words is the American Jesuit Father Philip Land. They are of a piece with Father Land's other writings. Father Land is a member of the Pope's Central Commission for Justice and Peace.

There is an Australian proverb that says, "When I see a black snake, I kill it—I don't negotiate with it." This must be our attitude toward Marxism. Those earnest Christians who desire "dialogue with Marxism" need to be reminded that Marxian theory is based on unyielding dogmatic atheism. It is true that many conservatives, liberals, and non-Marxian socialists are also irreligious, often aggressively so. But their irreligion does not form an integral part of their social theory, as it does for Marxists.

We must remember also that Marxists are constitutional liars. Truth, to them, is "a bourgeois concept." Anything that serves the cause of social revolution is good, including—whenever it suits them—the suppression, distortion, or falsification of truth. We ought to have learned this by now. □

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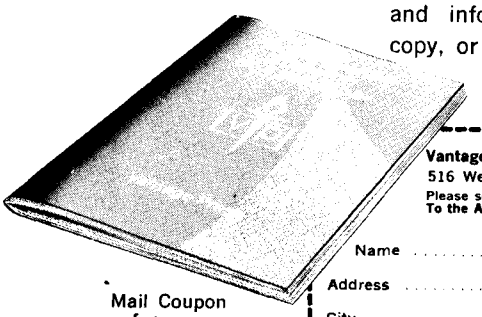

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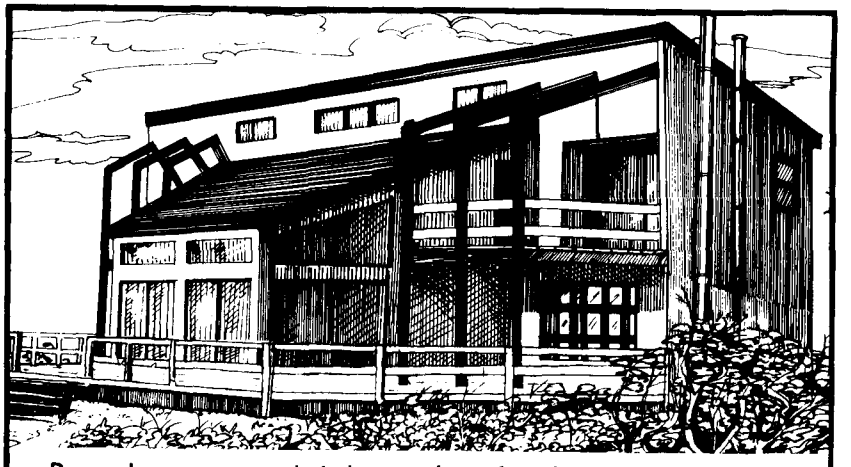

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Understanding the Arms Bill

On The Right

Madrid, March 6—Congress is expected within a matter of weeks to enact into law the bill passed by the Senate regulating the sale or transfer of conventional arms to foreign countries. There is a great deal that is superficially appealing about this measure. The trouble of course is that its corollaries are substantially unexamined. At more or less the same time, the United States is announcing that it will no longer act as policeman for the world, and that it will no longer permit other countries to act as their own policemen. So much, finally, for Vietnamization.

Granted, Congress has not yet voted to embargo the export of arms to anybody. It has specifically transferred the authority to approve exports from the Executive to the Legislature. It is, on the whole, an attractive idea to recapture for the Legislature some of the powers gradually usurped over the years by the Executive, but it makes the conduct of foreign policy, at the margin, difficult.

If the United States were the sole producer of weapons, the idealistic attractions of slowly diminishing the world's supply of them would be overwhelming. Of course, we aren't. And the principal alternative source, the Soviet Union, will distribute its weapons with customary forethought.

We are walking into a number of interesting difficulties. Take the Kennedy Amendment, which carried with a nice margin: Senator Kennedy added a provision forbidding the sale of arms to Chile, on the grounds that Chile is suppressing human rights. Senator Kennedy's patience, he reported, is exhausted. On the other hand, Senator Kennedy's patience is infinite in respect of the suppression of human rights in other countries. We have given more arms to Yugoslavia than to any other country in the world, and they have been suppressing human rights in Yugoslavia since before Senator Kennedy began his lifelong study of ethics at Harvard University.

In fact, you know it, I know it, and Senator Kennedy knows it, that Chile's salient offense isn't that it is torturing people, it is that it overthrew the government of Salvador Allende and thereby incurred the undying hostility of the world's left-wing press, the most durable and most effective apparatus of power in the world. Only a few months ago it had grown men—scholars, diplomats, poets, and popes—jumping through its hoop against General Franco for executing five murderers. The terrorists were merely the proximate cause of a renewal of the campaign against Franco that began the day he won the civil war against the forces backed by the Left.

The very same day that Senator Kennedy made his protest against Chile, Amnesty International filed its report on torture in Uruguay; that same day, Henry Kissinger exchanged pleasantries with the governors of Peru, who have not hesitated to use torture to suppress political dissent; that same day, Richard Nixon flew off to renew the delights of his association with the most systematic freedom-suppressors in history, the Chinese Communists.

If Senator Kennedy wants to stop sending arms to any country that suppresses human rights—indeed, that is one of the grander purposes of the Senate bill—he had better quickly telephone Massachusetts and find out how many jobs are going to be lost this time around. It would spare him the embarrassment he sustained a few years ago when he was forced to recommend the closing of military bases everywhere except in Massachusetts, where the climate is so propitious for military bases. Senator McGovern had the same problem in South Dakota.

Congress is shuffling its doctrines so fast, it's hard to milk any coherence out of them. First we have the Fulbright Doctrine, which announces that the United States has no proper quarrel against any country, no matter how obnoxious its internal policies, so long as it does not seek to export them. Now we make an exception of Chile, as we did of South Africa a while back. Then we announce that other countries will have to look after their own frontiers: we'll supply the arms. But now we won't supply the arms, if we disapprove of the pedigree of the government. Then we encourage friendly countries to buy our stuff, not theirs. But increasingly, our hardware is subject to interdiction, at the wheezing of Senator Kennedy's conscience.

It is an odd admixture, what we are getting into. Half moralism, half Realpolitik, and, increasingly, all of it bombast. □

SPANISH OVERVIEW

Madrid, February 28—Carlos Arias Navarro, who served Franco's Spain as governor of various states, and as minister of the interior, was named prime minister by the King a few weeks after Franco's death in what was widely understood as a gesture to the loyalists; namely, those members of the Cortes and of the Council of the Realm who are most faithful to the memory of General Franco. It is not safe to say with assurance exactly what it means to be faithful to the memory of Franco. It is something much more complicated than merely wanting to maintain in perpetuity Franco's regime—*Hamlet* without the prince. Because under the patronage of Arias, reforms—to use the word carefully—are both formally projected and actually being realized.

Arias, in a speech a month ago, outlined a comprehensive program which is blurred at the edges; but meanwhile, "reforms" have simply happened. What do you call it when an assembly of citizens gathers outdoors to protest the high cost of living without a license—and nobody bothers them? Or when the newspapers carry critical commentary that they would not have carried even three months ago? Or when spokesmen of political parties proscribed by law routinely call press conferences? In a sensitive piece for *Saturday Review,* die-hard republican Allard Lowenstein commented on the Comstockian Franco, and his posthumous influence: ". . . but the breasts still only peek out on Madrid posters. I think, perhaps the greatest of Franco's Canute achievements: he kept two or three inches of bosom under wraps for an extra six

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or seven years. In six more months, breasts, too, shall appear."

Arias Navarro, like Franco, is no supremacist. Pressed to define the limits to the democracy he envisions for the Spanish people, he is vague. He will tell you what he would *not* tolerate. Communist candidates for office, for one. Or separatists calling for the dismemberment of the Spanish republic, "taking us back five hundred years. Or —taking us back to before Ferdinand and Isabella." He does not propose to tolerate a proliferation of political parties, such as the Republic tolerated, and suffered from. If a political party does not achieve a measurable following in a reasonable interval, it will be disbanded. Three or four parties, he thinks, ought to be enough to represent the licit political differences among the Spanish people.

As for the Common Market, in due course he would find it desirable to effect integration; but, he realizes, this is something that will take years of complicated negotiations. Obviously, he says, Spain wishes to participate in the "spoils of economic unity."

As for NATO, he puts it quite frankly. As a matter of pride, he believes Spain should belong in NATO. As a military matter, Spain has survived for 25 years without membership—and so, he says, a trace of a smile on his weather-beaten lips, has the West. To be sure, Spain could, taking formal offense at her exclusion, deny bases in her country to the United States. To do so, however, would only be to add to the strength of the Soviet Union, and he does not see that that is a profitable way of castigating the NATO powers.

What about the question of the speed with which Spain moves toward formal, rather than informal, liberalization? Well, he says, it takes time for changes to be made. It required a very long time for the United States to come to terms with the Reconstruction. If, looking over the shoulders of Spain, the Western community should express satisfaction with such progress as, in its opinion, is being made, "we would be pleased." If not, Arias said—Franco would in turn have been pleased by this —"we'll have to get along as best we can."

Having myself written, twenty years ago, that (in my judgment) it was time for Franco to step aside, I nowadays find it easier to understand that visceral reluctance of rulers thus situated to do so—that megalomania of the aging despot identified by Professor Karl Wittfogel. But Franco could never have doubted that there would be change when he left the scene. That such change is being brought about by his own former lieutenant is—to use the Spanish understatement—pleasing. It is also pleasing to some of us that that in Franco which was commendable—his intuitive grasp of the incompatibility of Spanish culture and John Stuart Mill democracy—tempers the programs of his successors. The objective in all political activity ought to be: the maximization of human liberty. Those who believe that this is best accomplished by revolution should ponder the promise of Communism to usher in the stateless society. □

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION

Madrid, March 4 —There are two key figures in the cabinet here. Manuel Fraga is the architect of the transition: from rule by Franco, to qualified rule by the majority. Qualified because there will be a second chamber, whose exact composition isn't yet established —"More powerful than the House of Lords," Fraga put it; "less powerful than the U.S. Senate." The upper chamber will be substantially peopled by appointees of the King, working through his cabinet. It is conceived as a brake against plebiscitary democracy. That of course is a function of the United States Senate, where Rhode Island is as powerful as California. By way of footnote, this is the only extant arrangement in the Constitution of the United States that is not subject to abrogation by routine constitutional amendment.

Fraga is young (53); legendary as a workhorse (he has two staffs); by background an academician who has written recondite works of political history. He is a no-nonsense type, who will tell you flatly that, de facto, censorship no longer exists in Spain; her press now is —he insists—the most vigorous in Western Europe. That is faintly reminiscent of General Maxwell Taylor's solution to the Vietnam problem back in 1967, that we should simply pull out, and declare that we had won the war. Faintly reminiscent because the press isn't entirely uninhibited, nor can it be if laws however dormant are there. But the major difference is that Taylor's prescription was to pull out of the battle. Fraga's is to stay in, and to codify de facto reforms, and midwife such others as are in prospect.

Specifically, free elections, with only the limitation that Communists, separatists, and anarchists may not field a slate. They will be permitted to vote —but they will have to vote for an authorized party. Mr. Fraga reminds us that in West Germany, the Communist Party is also forbidden to field a slate. It will be a while before Spain is confident enough to tolerate with equanimity its revolutionaries. In 1963, Fraga said in England that it was "more logical . . . to change the system to suit your character, than to try changing your character to suit someone else's system."

But it is precisely the insight of José Maria Areilza, the Foreign Minister, that a "sociological base" has been established in Spain that permits re-experimentation with democracy. Thanks to the exclusive economic progress of Spain—from $300 per capita income to eight times that (Spain is the tenth-ranking industrial power in the world) —there is now, in the opinion of the worldly Areilza, the basis for self-government. In elections in which the Communists were free to vote, there is no reason to suppose that they would get more than the 11 per cent the Portuguese Communists got a year ago. Certainly the Basque separatist movement would get far fewer votes than the Scottish Nationalists, if that issue were legitimized in Great Britain. The middle class is strong enough to reject ideological adventurism. Accordingly, Areilza —whose independence of thought cost him his passport several years ago, and a large fine imposed by Franco—is ready to go, and has convincingly pleaded the case of Spain in the capitals of Europe, heading this week to the chilliest of them all, Great Britain —which has never forgiven Franco for defeating the Communists during the same period that Great Britain was appeasing Hitler.

Mr. Allard Lowenstein of New York, the former head of the Americans for Democratic Action and a man marvelously sensitive to political nuance, talks about Franco's Spain as if he were wading through concrete, the legacy of his ideological youth. In the current *Saturday Review* his heart all but stops beating as he reflects in horror on the toleration we showed Franco after the war. We weren't all that tolerant, as a matter of fact—we even pulled out our ambassador; and we gave Spain nothing in Marshall aid. But our failure to conquer Franco, or perhaps have him assassinated, is a continuing nightmare to Mr. Lowenstein, who dubs Franco the "last partner of Hitler," which is historically inaccurate, but does not pause to worry over the fact that we were the last partners of Stalin, which is historically accurate. The fact is, the news in Spain is happy, and that being rare in the world, let us rejoice. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Our form of government — 2 188 196 48 138 78 149 41

B. What a Confederate's grandson might be if he worked at it — 36 181 190 105 60 203 193 5

C. Where the oil industry's brain trust works — 55 6 208 84 141 71 125 173 101

D. Formerly a Republican customary duty — 67 29 37 124 137 139 148 184 158 1

E. Russia's form of government — 77 9 104 72 18 86

F. Those who lack — 96 53 167 79 198 62 98 182

G. The right in English law of presenting a nominee to a vacant *ecclesiastical* benefice — 100 131 87 73 161 175 109 63

H. He's every inch a king and every foot a *ruler* — 120 163 74 22 34 44 200

I. TOOTH PAST — 16 33 40 51 57 85 95 10 64

J. A success of any sort — 134 89 197 110 46 150 154

K. A member of a government by the few — 151 12 213 114 75 178 54 205

L. ANTS LOGIC — 126 35 135 183 97 23 165 56 80

M. Thoughtful — 129 185 66 168 58 81 142 116 210

N. The form of government we actually have — 164 27 49 112 108 136 144 90 118 133 11 17

O. Ellipsoidal edible kernels — 42 76 91 65 31 61 8

P. Houses used as dwellings — 153 117 143 25 4 68 215 99 14

Q. A type of truck — 174 176 92 206 155 119

R. What automobiles with a certain number of cylinders are called — 179 82 147 38 194 28

S. A facing to sustain an embankment — 202 121 93 172 15 47 102 69 212

T. What a poet does sometimes — 214 189 94 128

U. Giverment talk ("We are reevaluating our *staffing patterns.*") — 113 107 207 177 169 59 39 195 156 13

V. What the earl's widow was — 26 166 186 122 199 43 88 191 19

W. *This physician probably doesn't* make house calls — 145 30 171 201 83 132 70 123 162

X. The name of a backward mechanic? — 159 187 32 45

Y. What not to let your toenail become — 180 170 204 209 20 106 130

Z. A country that disarmed — 140 3 21 152 146 127 157 160 192 211 52

a. One of South Carolina's rivers — 7 24 50 103 111 115

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 348 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 D	2 A	3 Z	4 P		5 B	6 C	7 a		8 O	9 E	10 I	11 N	12 K	13 U	14 P	15 S		16 I	17 N
18 E	19 V	20 Y	21 Z	22 H	23 L		24 a	25 P	26 V	27 N	28 R	29 D	30 W	31 O		32 X	33 I	34 H	35 L
36 B	37 D	38 R		39 U	40 I	41 A	42 O	43 V		44 H	45 X	46 J	47 S	48 A	49 N	50 a	51 I	52 Z	
53 F	54 K	55 C	56 L	57 I	58 M		59 U	60 B	61 O		62 F	63 G		64 I	65 O		66 M	67 D	68 P
	69 S	70 W	71 C	72 E	73 G	74 H	75 K	76 O		77 E	78 A	79 F	80 L	81 M	82 R	83 W	84 C	85 I	
86 E	87 G	88 V	89 J	90 N		91 O	92 Q	93 S	94 T		95 I	96 F	97 L	98 F		99 P	100G	101C	102S
103a		104E	105B	106Y	107U	108N		109G	110J	111a		112N	113U		114K	115a	116M	117P	118N
119Q	120H	121S	122V	123W		124D	125C	126L	127Z	128T		129M	130Y	131G		132W	133N	134J	135L
	136N	137D		138A	139D	140Z	141C		142M	143P		144N	145W	146Z		147R	148D	149A	150J
	151K	152Z		153P	154J	155Q	156U	157Z		158D	159X	160Z		161G	162W	163H	164N		165L
166V	167F	168M	169U	170Y	171W	172S	173C	174Q	175G		176Q	177U	178K	179R		180Y	181B	182F	183L
184D	185M	186V	187X	188A	189T		190B	191V		192Z		193B	194R	195U	196A		197J	198F	
199V	200H	201W		202S	203B	204Y	205K	206Q		207U	208C	209Y	210M	211Z	212S	213K	214T	215P	

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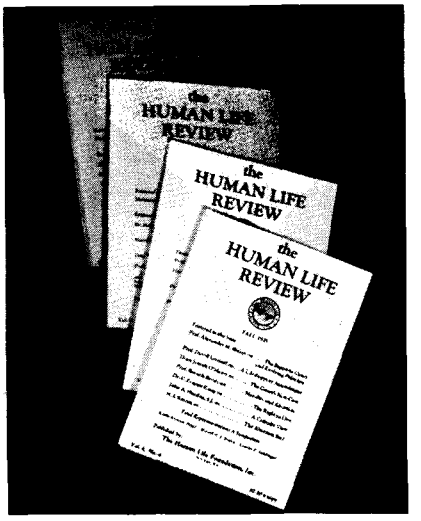

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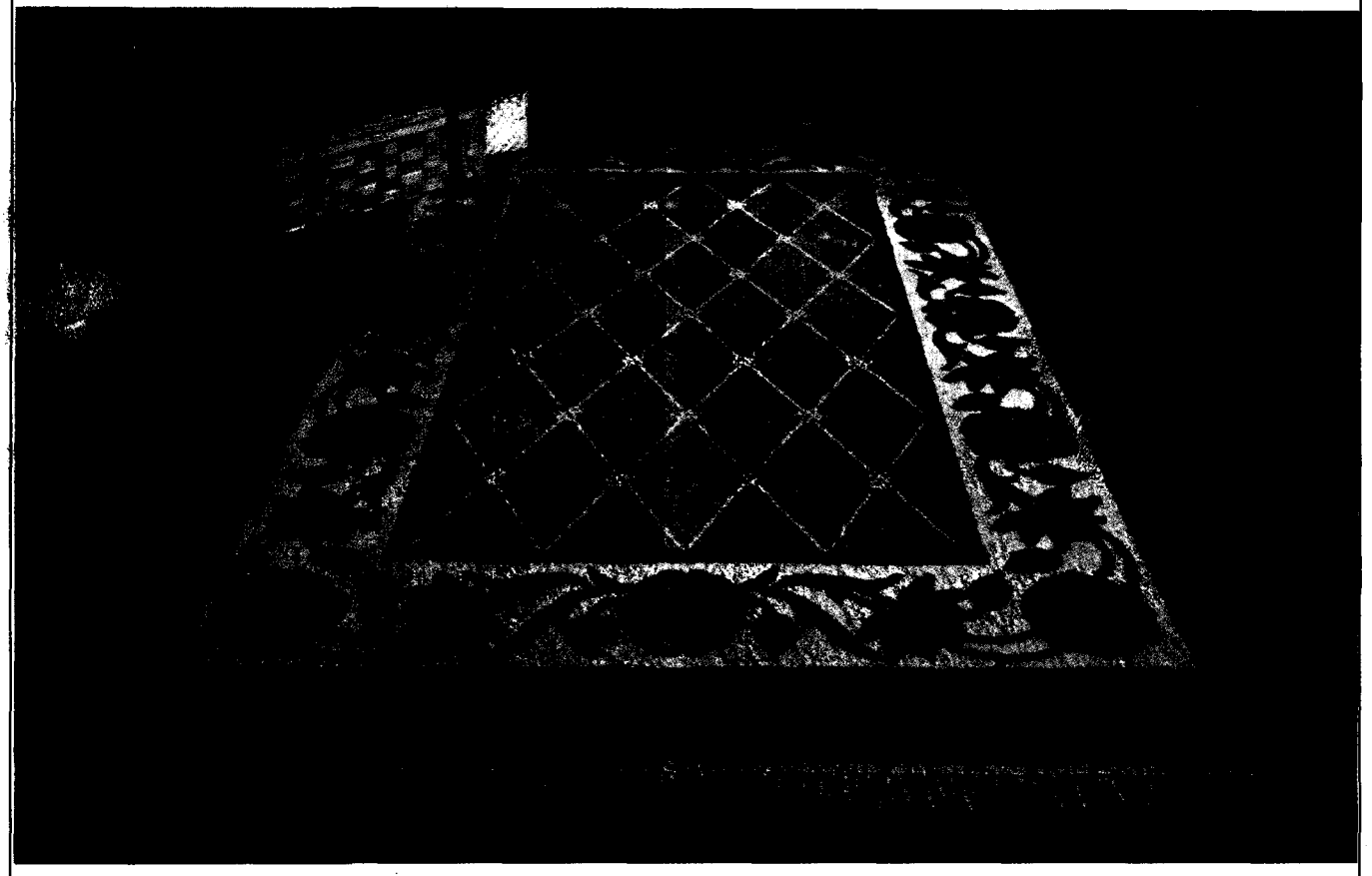

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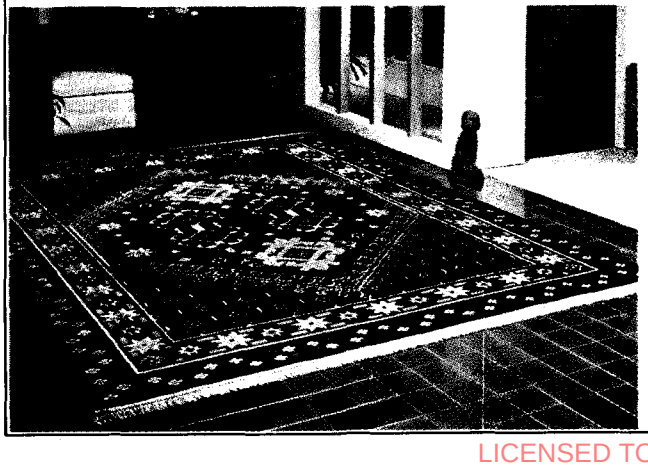

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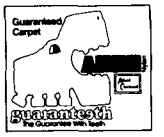

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